Week ending Feb. 13 1960

JOHN BULL

EVERY WEDNESDAY
FIVEPENCE

Sir Larry's new girl

WHO KILLED THE BABY?

Europe's most baffling mystery

STEEL—Report to the Nation

How much steel in 1960?

THE British steel industry may well produce about 24 million tons of steel in 1960—compared with 20 million tons last year.

Last year, and the year before, the steel industry spent some £100,000,000 on new plant and development — and raised its production capacity by about a *million* tons each year. This was done despite the fact that existing capacity, except in a few cases, was not being fully used.

Why this expansion, then? Is it an act of folly—or farsightedness?

It is simply an expression of confidence in Britain's future.

Apart from the sharp set-back around 1958, when the industry was working far below capacity, demand for steel has shown a steady upsurge since the war. Looking forwards, the industry has weighed forecasts made by its customers about their future demand.

As a result the industry believes that the trend of steel demand will continue to rise.

Planning ahead in Steel is a ticklish business. It means foreseeing future developments in the economic life of the nation, and the changing needs of steel consumers.

Among the thousands of steel-using firms the pattern of demand can change almost overnight. But planning, building and bringing into production a new steelworks inevitably takes years.

Unexpected

A plant making rails cannot change over to production of sheet for cars.

Hence in the past two years, although the steel industry as a whole has not been working at full capacity, there have sometimes been shortages of steel sheet.

Why? The causes were an unexpectedly swift boom in cars – which took even the motor industry itself by surprise; rising sales of household goods like cookers and washing machines, and of electrical machinery; and a shift in demand from one kind of steel sheet to another.

£760 million

Not even the wisest brains can predict, years ahead, every future shift in the pattern of demand. But Britain's steel industry has done remarkably well since the war in having the right plant ready at the right time.

Since the end of 1946, a sum of over £760,000,000 has been spent on development. The graphs show the crescendo of expansion in the last seven years; and also how the steel industry, far from lagging, has gone ahead faster than other manufacturing industries.

New Mills

In the critical field of cold reduced sheet, production in 1959 was 13% up on 1958, and will rise again by perhaps as much as 20% in 1960. Further expansion at existing strip mills and construction of two new mills at Newport and Ravenscraig, work on which is being accelerated, will meet the likely demand for sheet and tinplate.

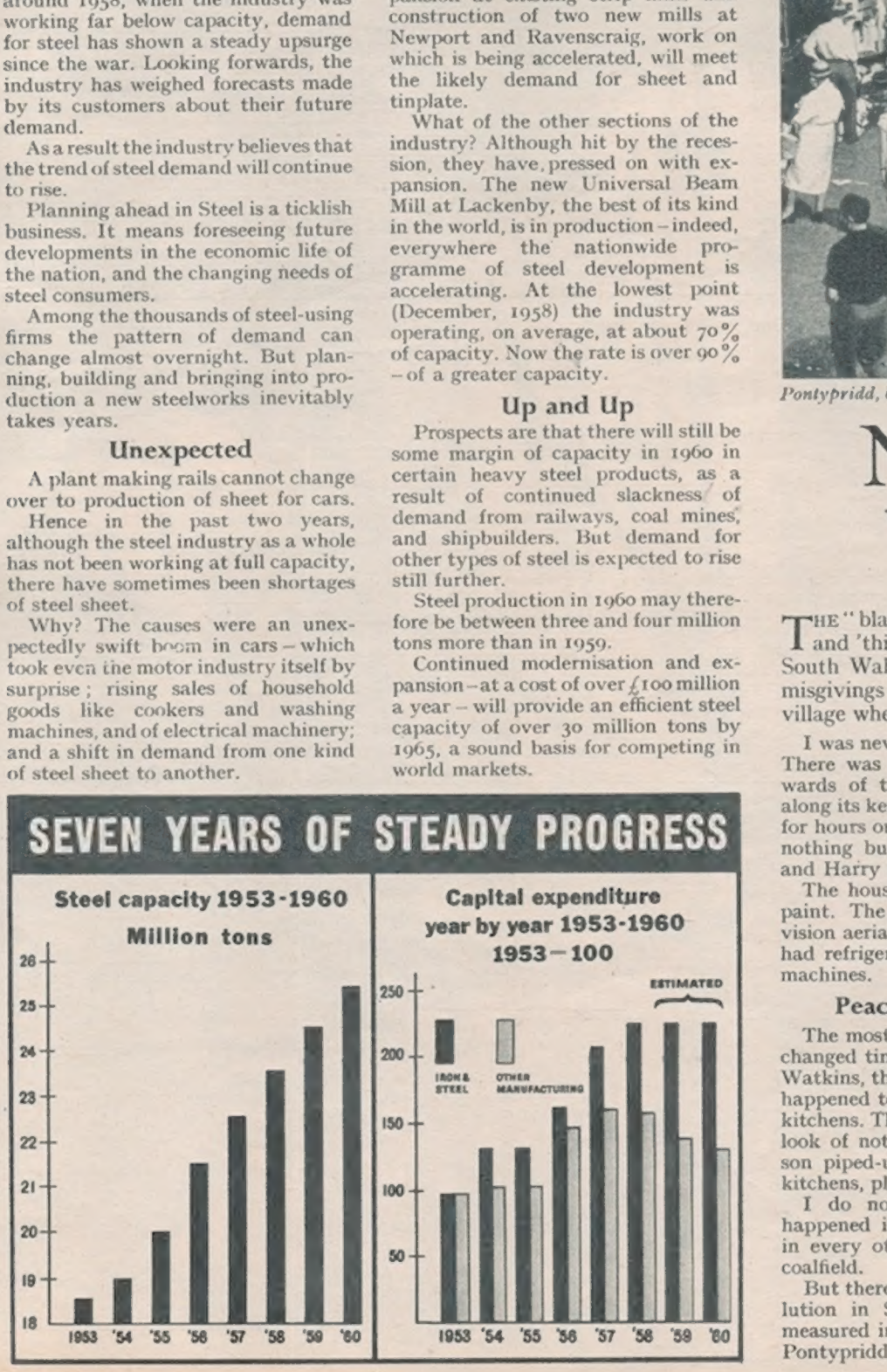
What of the other sections of the industry? Although hit by the recession, they have pressed on with expansion. The new Universal Beam Mill at Lackenby, the best of its kind in the world, is in production – indeed, everywhere the nationwide programme of steel development is accelerating. At the lowest point (December, 1958) the industry was operating, on average, at about 70% of capacity. Now the rate is over 90% – of a greater capacity.

Up and Up

Prospects are that there will still be some margin of capacity in 1960 in certain heavy steel products, as a result of continued slackness of demand from railways, coal mines, and shipbuilders. But demand for other types of steel is expected to rise still further.

Steel production in 1960 may therefore be between three and four million tons more than in 1959.

Continued modernisation and expansion – at a cost of over £100 million a year – will provide an efficient steel capacity of over 30 million tons by 1965, a sound basis for competing in world markets.



Pontypridd, badly hit in the 'thirties, now one of the most prosperous of South Wales towns.

New Life in the Valleys

BY TREVOR EVANS

THE "black years" of the 'twenties and 'thirties are not forgotten in South Wales. So it was with deep misgivings that I went back to the village where I grew up.

I was never so surprised in my life. There was Thomas Street with upwards of thirty motor cars parked along its kerbs. Thomas Street, which for hours on end in the old days held nothing but Sam Price's milk-float, and Harry Davies's coal wagon.

The houses were spruce with new paint. The house without its television aerial was an exception. Many had refrigerators, and some washing machines.

Peaceful Revolution

The most penetrating comment on changed times came from Mr. Tudur Watkins, the village schoolmaster. He happened to refer in a lesson to soup kitchens. The boys showed the glazed look of not understanding. His own son piped-up: 'Dad, what *are* soup kitchens, please?'

I do not claim that what has happened in Abertridwr is repeated in every other village in the Welsh coalfield.

But there has been a peaceful revolution in South Wales. It can be measured in a variety of ways. Take Pontypridd, one of the worst hit of South Wales centres – 76% of the working population unemployed during the depression. Today, it has 1.8% unemployed.

Barometer of Coal and Steel

There is another way of showing the transformation. For generations two industries, coal and steel, were synonymous with South Wales.

The concentration of coal mining on the most economical pits has produced contradictions, with surplus men in parts of West Wales and a shortage of miners in parts of the Rhondda.

Steel, too, has concentrated production on modern plants, but with a surprising and gratifying result.

A number of small works were closed, but at the same time the new Abbey, Trostre and Velindre works of The Steel Company of Wales were brought into commission.

Throughout South Wales and Monmouthshire the total number on the payroll of the steel companies was 52,500 in 1948. It was 55,300 last year.

In West Wales there were 27,900 employed in steel in October, 1947. Last July there were 28,000.

The Industry set up special funds to pay compensation to tinplate workers who lost their jobs when the small works were shut down. Valuable though these provisions are for older

workers, an even greater social contribution has been the provision of work for more people.

Confidence in the future

In spite of the changing pattern of coal and steel, the two industries continue jointly to provide work for nearly one-third of all the men in jobs in South Wales.

What of the long-term prospects for South Wales? Here I am an optimist. The workers have proved their adaptability to new skills and new processes.

For years there has been a tussle in the minds of many men in South Wales between the experience of the recent past and the memories of the years between the wars. Inevitably, it was a conflict between generations.

I hope and believe the victory will go to the younger generation. The future belongs to them anyway.

Manchester Plumber helps to save Steelworkers' lives

A NEW film sponsored by the B.I.S.F. will be released early this year. It is a film on Accident Prevention but with a difference. Shot partly in steelworks and partly among mountains, it tries to put over to young workers entering the Steel Industry a new approach to safety and safe working.

While the film unit, directed by Everest cameraman Tom Stobart, were shooting the mountaineering sequences in the Dolomites, they were 'rescued' by Joe Brown. Brown, a Manchester plumber reputed to be among the six finest mountaineers in the world, acted as a double for the leading actor, carrying out two breath-takingly difficult climbs that add to the almost unbearable suspense and tension of the film.

Sixty kinds of steel on trial– trial by ordeal!

Steel takes these shock tactics in its stride

THEY do brutal things to a car, down at Nuneaton, on the proving grounds of the Motor Industry Research Association. And every time they test a car, sixty different kinds of steel are on trial. That's how many there are in a modern car.

One of the tortures they have devised consists of a pavé track made of rough stone blocks, set at all angles, with plenty of potholes. They like to drive cars across it *fast*.

And what bears the brunt of this savage test?

Steel. British steel. Not just any kind of British steel – but a variety of specially compounded steels.

These special steels come from one or other of the many steelworks in Britain that produce alloy steels.

They are made, fastidiously, in special furnaces, with exact quantities of alloying material added to the molten metal.

Nickel may go in, or Chromium, or Titanium, or Vanadium – or any of a score of other ingredients.

Scrupulous sampling and testing follow. Only when the melter is completely satisfied is the molten metal 'teemed'. The end-product is a component to which the car-driver hardly gives a thought – simply because it is so completely reliable. Whenever there's a really tough job to do in a car, there's a special British steel doing it.

There are over 300 steel firms in Britain, producing *thousands* of different steels. One firm alone may make steel to 500 specifications.

All Britain's industries rely on steel – none more than the Motor Industry, whose phenomenal production and export efforts have astonished the world.

Fifty-three miles of new motorway needed 12,000 tons of steel

TO build a modern, fast motorway you need a lot of steel. Take the new M1, for example. In the main 53-mile section there are 132 bridges. And in these bridges are 12,000 tons of steel.

Before the motorway could be built, 11,500 million cubic yards of earth had to be shifted – equivalent to moving a mountain 2 miles high and 2 miles across the base. How was it done? With steel. Steel in bulldozers. Steel in lorries. Steel in giant excavators. And steel, of course, in the humble pick and shovel.

A special feature of the motorway is the use of reinforced concrete "haunches" (reinforced with *steel*). These prevent the road surface from spreading or crumbling at the edges under heavy traffic.

As you speed along the M1 at 75 m.p.h. or more you are relying on steel all the way.

Reports to the Nation on Steel will be issued regularly during 1960 by the British Iron and Steel Federation

JOHN BULL
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The Cover

ANY moment now, a few hard words may break the tension. They'll be his reward for trespassing on what is a woman's private preserve—even if he *were* a volunteer. It's the sort of ironical fate that awaits every husband who's helpful but ham-fisted. She doesn't *want* to believe her ears, but that ominous crack sounded too much like bone china for comfort. "Never mind," says artist Oliver Brabbins, "with his lost reputation, that lucky chap's just bought a life of idleness"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Foolish Sportsmen

ALL my life I have endured my four brothers' gibes and comments about the way we women dress. But after spending a couple of seasons watching sport, I find that it is the men who are ridiculous.

If they have the sense to wear shorts and short-sleeved shirts for tennis in summer, why do they choose similar garb for football in the depths of winter?

And why, throughout last year's sweltering heat, did they suffer in long trousers for cricket, with the bowlers alone spending much of their time rolling up uselessly long sleeves? Perhaps it needs a woman to point out how much energy and irritation short-sleeved shirts would save.—MRS. PAT SLAUGHTER, Ilford, Essex.

Yeomen Of The Range

As an amateur tenor with a strong preference for singing Gilbert and Sullivan, 1960 looks bleak to me.

Carousel, *Oklahoma!* and *Annie Get Your Gun* are now the rage with amateur dramatic societies. The craze to don a check shirt and a Yankee accent is nauseating to the singer who, at the ripe old age of thirty-six, wishes to pursue amateur opera in the true sense of the word.

It would be apt, perhaps, to echo Jack Point's sentiment in the final scene from *Yeomen Of The Guard*:

"O thoughtless crew,
Ye know not what ye do."

—GERARD CONNEELY, Alan Street, Northwich, Cheshire.

Breaking Point

I enter the glass and china departments of stores in fear and trembling in case my sleeve or handbag should knock over some fragile display. I am still wondering what happened to a woman I saw accidentally touch a plate and start an avalanche.

My husband says she should pay for the damage. I say that if the shop people display wares in such a precarious manner they are courting disaster and must be prepared to pay for it.—MRS. MADELINE GIBB, Tilford Road, Farnham, Surrey.

"If it was a genuine accident and not a case of negligence, then the shop would normally foot the bill," says a lawyer.

Choice Chore

I detest washing up after any meal, however small. Yet there is one time when I help to do it quite willingly and thoroughly enjoy it—when I am visiting somebody else's home.—MRS. MARY O'BRIEN, Broadhaven, Leckwith, Cardiff.

Curry Out Of Favour

Although I know that curry is my husband's favourite dish, I am afraid I don't serve it very often. The trouble is it always makes him reminiscent—and I have to listen for hours to his experiences of the Far East. I already know them by heart. —MRS. A. D., Surrey.

Flashing Intruders

Now the G.P.O. seems to be making a real effort to improve our telephone service, can't we have a flashing device to warn someone using the phone that another subscriber is trying to get through?

An automatic device could keep the engaged tone ringing for thirty seconds and then automatically ring the number when the other chap has cleared.—K. J., Falkirk.

"This would require too much expensive equipment at the receiving end," says the G.P.O., "the trouble being that the engaged signal comes from the local exchange and not the receiver itself. But our statistics show that three-quarters of all calls end in less than three minutes."

Status Losers

The scientist who turned teacher but found that he lost status by it socially ("Free Speech," January 16) was a victim of the vague recollections most people have of being reprimanded or punished at school. They still resent this subconsciously.

Another factor is the British mistrust of academic knowledge as expressed in phrases like "absent-minded professor" and "blue-stocking."—F. SCOTT, Hove, Sussex.

Silver Birched

I agree with Mr. W. Smith that Britain's slag heaps are ugly ("Free Speech," January 2), and I thought the same about Germany's when I went there in 1951.

But a few years later I found that the slopes had been planted with silver birch trees and grass was beginning to grow between them, transforming an eyesore into an attractive part of an otherwise featureless landscape.—MRS. G. N., Gwespyr, Flintshire.

Happy Talk

On a recent chilly evening, I was one of the cold and miserable passengers waiting on Finchley Road station for trains that were running late. Then the loudspeaker clicked and a girl announcer said: "Will passengers for Aylesbury please take the Watford train on platform one and change at Wembley Park—and the best of luck!"

These last five words dispelled the gloom as if by magic. Everybody laughed at the strange phenomenon of a humorous announcer. If British Railways were responsible it is a brilliant idea which should be extended.—HARRY SUTTERS, Formby Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex.

2750 Special

Your tip for stoking the fire was enlightening ("Free Speech," January 9). While reading a book called *2750. The Legend Of A Locomotive* recently, my twelve-year-old son took

charge of my two fires and treated me to a lecture on stoking locomotives every time he put coal on.

In fairness to him, and to all firemen, I must admit that our rooms were never warmer and my hot water never hotter; my hearth-rug never free of a sprinkling of slack coal—and my kitchen towel never blacker.

I am now reading the book myself. —MRS. M. GAYTHORPE, Goosecarr Lane, Todwick, Sheffield.

IOU On And On

I have often wondered why the enormous National Debt can't be reduced to nothing by collecting one shilling a week from every family. How long would this take?—H. WOOD, Tamworth, Staffs.

"It is difficult to define the number of families," says a mathematician. "But the National Debt is now over £27,376 million. A shilling a week levy on all men and women aged twenty to sixty-five would take 350 years to clear the debt at the rate of about £78 million a year. But last year alone the debt increased by nearly twice that amount. . . ."

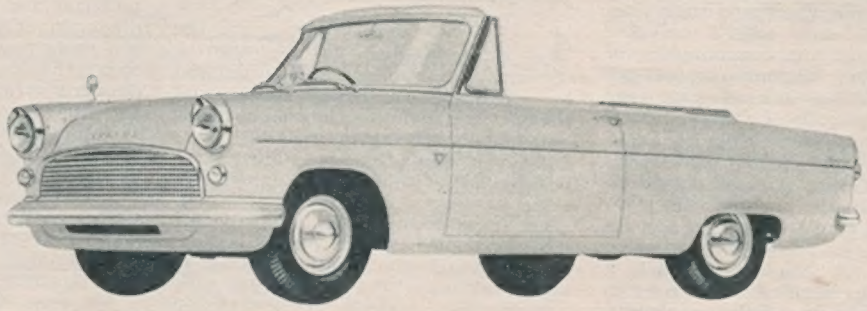
STOLEN
—the fashion secrets of Paris
COMING SOON

NOT ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME . . . Wherever you plan your own fun this summer—be it Portofino or Polperro, Innsbruck or Inverness—your Consul Convertible will carry you there in swift, sure luxury and help you make the very most of those precious weeks of relaxation. For here's the open-air car that opens up new horizons of performance and comfort: powerful acceleration and hill-climbing plus a cruising speed of seventy . . . exceptional ease of handling . . . wide range of elegant colours . . . a travelling sun-trap that, within 30 seconds of the first rain-spot, becomes as weatherproof as a custom-built saloon. Start planning *your* ideal holiday with a Consul Convertible at your local Ford Dealer's this week!

BE FIRST ON THE ROAD

WITH FORD

AT HOME OR ABROAD



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The way divorces are

THE solicitor said: "I am certain that divorces are being faked and will go on being faked. It is almost inevitable because of the system."

This was no scruffy, back-street tout speaking but a highly respected and successful lawyer with offices in one of the most hallowed parts of legal London. He was voicing the disquiet felt by himself and an increasing number of his colleagues.

"It has long been recognized," wrote an eminent Q.C. recently, "that it is unnecessary actually to commit adultery [to obtain divorce]. The essence is that one should go through the motions from which it will be inferred."

Is this justified? *What in fact is the truth about divorce in 1960?*

by FENTON BRESLER

What are the mechanics by which an estimated 25,000 marriages will end this year and 50,000 people receive the tag, "divorcees"?

There are three main grounds for divorce at present—adultery, cruelty, and desertion for at least three years. If a person is blameless and the husband or wife has committed one of these "matrimonial offences," a divorce has to be granted *as of right*. The judge has no option. If the grounds are proved, he must pronounce a decree.

It sounds beautifully clear and straightforward. But there is a catch.

In real-life domestic tragedies there are few blacks and whites. One party is seldom entirely innocent and the other entirely guilty. Marriages crack for a variety of reasons. Sometimes it is difficult to pin-point one particular cause.

Whose fault?

Yet in order to fit legal theory, the facts must be presented to the judge in such a way that the marriage appears to have broken down through the fault of *one* of the parties. And that fault must be either adultery, cruelty or desertion.

Almost nothing else will do. Incompatibility is not enough. After the last war a soldier returned home to find his wife had become a slut. The home was not looked after, their child was unkempt, and his own food and welfare were neglected. After a while he tried to divorce his wife, alleging cruelty.

Yet he lost his case. "Gross neglect or chronic discord is not yet a ground for divorce," said the judge.

The husband who beats his wife, the wife who nags and torments her husband, the couple who spend their lives wearing down each other's nerves—these are almost the commonplace of domestic misery. Yet only nineteen per cent of all divorces in an average year are given on grounds of cruelty.

Possibly this is because the legal concept of cruelty is remote from reality. The exact definition is based on a decision of the House of Lords in 1897, which was in turn founded on a judgment of an ecclesiastical judge in 1790.

Briefly it is "conduct of such a character as to have caused danger to life, limb or health (bodily or mental), or as to give rise to a reasonable apprehension of such danger."

Study these examples where judges have held that cruelty was *not* established and see what you think:—

1. A wife blacked her husband's eyes and scratched his face. She threw a vase at him; he sometimes had to go to work with a scarred face. But, said Special Commissioner Sir Harry Trusted, the man's health was not affected—so no divorce.

2. After ten years' happy married life, a husband turned on his wife, felled her to the ground and stabbed her with a pair of scissors. He was charged with attempted murder but found unfit to plead and sent to Broadmoor. A year later the wife tried to divorce him for cruelty. But the judge at Nottingham said the husband had not been responsible for his action and rejected her claim. Her only remedy was to wait five years and then petition on the ground of incurable insanity.

3. Four months after his marriage to a twenty-one year old London girl a man told her of his plans to acquire a fortune—by crime. "Only fools work," he said. Eight months later he was put on probation for housebreaking. "I am quite unable to say that his conduct was of such a kind—in relation to his wife and the marriage—as to amount to cruelty," said Mr. Justice Karminski.

4. A fiery young Welshman and the quiet English girl he married continually quarrelled. He had seduced her when she was barely sixteen and though they had two children she now hated him. "Being married to a husband you don't like is a distressing position for a woman," said the judge—but he dismissed her cruelty petition.

Of course, many judges administer the law more leniently. Mr. Justice Davies, who, although the text books used to say drunkenness was not cruelty, gave a decree to a woman whose husband was a heavy drinker and had repeatedly broken promises to reform.

But there is a limit. Some years ago Judge Rhodes was criticized by the Court of Appeal for granting a Manchester divorce when the only "cruelty" proved was that the husband had once hurt his wife's head by pushing her over on the bed, and had stayed out four nights in a row. "It is not permissible for any court, simply because it thinks that a marriage has broken down, to grant a decree on that basis or to raise minor matters into cruelty," said Lord Denning.

Solicitors are wary of encouraging their clients in a cruelty case that is likely to be heavily contested by the other side.

The result is deception. Courts are presented with a case which bears little or no relation to reality.

"The true state of affairs between husband and wife too often never comes before the court. If it did there would be fewer divorces," admitted a solicitor in a recent book.

The deserters

The position is not much better when it comes to desertion, the grounds of thirty-five per cent of the nation's divorces.

Again, legal theory does not correspond with reality. Often, when a husband or wife walks out after months of bickering and tension, the other party's predominant feeling is one of relief. The last thing they want is for the deserter to return. Yet if they were to give any outward indication of this attitude at the time, or even admit it as an inward thought to a judge three years later, they would jeopardize their chances of divorce.

Some years ago, after months of unhappiness and quarrelling, a man walked out of his home telling his wife he was finished with her for good. She took him at his word. When he returned a few days later she had changed all the locks to prevent his getting in.

Four years later—even though he had never tried to see her again—this action of the wife's deprived her of a divorce. "A woman cannot at one and the same time say 'I will not have you back on any account' and 'You are deserting me'," said Mr. Justice Sachs.

As a result, solicitors still warn clients not to change the locks in their houses—a thing that many people in this situation want to do.

Even after the deserter has gone, the person left behind must—in theory—want him back. Or at least be prepared to take him if he offers to return.

In a recent case, a London husband was literally "left holding the baby"—in a cinema queue. His wife dumped their child in his arms and went off after a quarrel. Later she tried to patch things up. The husband refused.

Three years later *she* divorced *him* for desertion. When he rejected her offer to return, he put an end to her "matrimonial offence" and made himself the guilty party.

Often, an astute solicitor will advise his client to forestall such complications by writing the deserter a long, pathetic letter imploring him to return. This is not done because the lawyer thinks that the deserter will return or that the partner would accept him. It is simply to have "proof" that his client was willing to have the deserter back.

Many people may think lawyers do not come out very well in divorce cases. Solicitors are, after all, officers of the Supreme Court, yet every day they are helping to deceive the court.

Bedroom farce

This is not because they are all villains. Admittedly some solicitors will cheat, and for the worst motive—for money. But these are a minority.

Most solicitors who help their clients to get round the absurdities of the system do so because as human beings they want to help other human beings in distress. This may sound corny, but I know it is true.

The most common way to get a divorce is by collusive adultery—misconduct by agreement, which used to be called "the hotel divorce." Forty-six per cent of all divorces in England and Wales are on the basis of adultery—which makes it sound as though the English are rivals of the Latins as lovers. But this is an illusion.

It is simply that adultery is the easiest divorce ground to rig. It does not even have to be in a hotel—so long as the signed confessions by the husband (who still usually does the "gallant" thing) and "the other woman" look convincing enough.

Last summer Special Commissioner Sir Henry Braund complained that signed confessions were an unsatisfactory form of evidence.

Yet private inquiry agents still continue to give this sort of evidence at a price of two to four guineas for obtaining formal confessions plus a further two to four guineas for attending court. The agents are acting honestly—they merely record what they have seen or heard. They do not know of the plotting beforehand.

Some solicitors even go so far as to

faked

provide husbands with the names of agencies who will supply them with women to go away with for the weekend. Adultery does not even have to take place, as long as the husband registers as "Mr. and Mrs." and makes sure of ordering breakfast in bed so that the chambermaid can see them together "in their night attire" the following morning.

Yet even if the parties have gone through all this play-acting, a divorce may still be refused if "the petitioner comes to court with unclean hands." This is a polite way of saying that the petitioner, the "innocent party," has himself committed a matrimonial offence, usually adultery.

Not so innocent

When this happens, the "innocent party" must make a full and frank disclosure to the court of all his misconduct. It is put down in writing—the notorious "discretion statement"—signed and put in a sealed envelope, to be opened only by the judge at the hearing of the case. The judge is then asked to consider all the matters contained in the statement—and to overlook them.

Since a decision of the House of Lords in 1943 "discretion" is nearly always exercised. But there is a tendency to tighten up on it, as for instance in the recent case in which the Earl of Shrewsbury was refused a decree.

When a person goes to a solicitor for a divorce, the solicitor is supposed to ask whether or not he has committed adultery. It must be put as bluntly as that. The judges have said that there must be no mealy-mouthedness.

The consequences of a solicitor failing to ask the question, or of a client not giving a truthful answer, are immense. If the truth later comes to a judge's ears, the divorce will almost certainly be withdrawn.

There is a whole legal department—the Queen's Proctor's Office in Whitehall—one of whose main jobs is to make sure, in the three months before a divorce is made final, if undisclosed adultery has been committed by the petitioner.

Nobody knows how the Queen's Proctor, Sir Harold Simcox Kent, works—it is one of the most closely guarded secrets in legal administration—but every year people lose a decree because of their lack of frankness.

It's a gamble

Despite this, an increasing number of petitioners take the gamble of "forgetting" their own misconduct when their solicitor asks the vital question. Or sometimes the solicitor is "forgetful" or perhaps not too pressing in his inquiry.

Much of the law on divorce is in a mess. And in an expensive mess too. The average undefended case lasting fifteen to twenty minutes in court can cost between £70 and £100; defended cases, anything from £150 upwards. And all—except the simplest of cases—with no real guarantee of success. END

To cheat the scales of justice men pose as lovers, and wives welcome the husbands they hate

A baby dies . . . and these are the seven suspects. Each has an unbreakable alibi. Has one a

Pierre d'Espine

Mme. d'Espine

Hélène, the cook

Mario, the butler

Josiane, the nurse

Professor Sarasin

Is one of these people a

Downstairs a family dined. Upstairs a baby was battered to death in a crime no one can solve

IN a comfortable suburban villa in Geneva, all its doors and windows sealed, nine people recently acted out a horrifying charade. With them were a Swiss examining magistrate, William Dunand, and Herr Muller, an expert in the use of the lie detector. All were taking part in the reconstruction of a murder.

It is a murder which has caused widespread sensation in Europe during the last three months. The crime occurred in a sealed house; there are only seven suspects—all of whom were in the house at the time. Yet the riddle remains: which one?

Even the most conservative of Geneva newspapers are calling it the Crime of the Century. Apart from the police problem of unravelling an apparently motiveless and clueless crime, the killing concerns, as suspects, members of two of the country's best-known families. It has brought into disrepute the high society of a great city. And heightening the horror is the fact that the victim was a small and sleeping child.

Eleven people were assembled in the villa at the Grand-Saconnex, a suburb of Geneva, on the evening of October 3 last year. Two were children. In the district the houses stand apart and back from the road; their gardens have well-mown lawns and neat hedges. The house which has now become the most notorious in Switzerland is a square building with two storeys and an attic floor of three rooms set in the sloping roof. It belongs to Professor Raymond Sarasin, a radiologist with a European reputation. The professor is a man of about sixty, well preserved and vigorous, who has as his second wife a Frenchwoman nearly twenty years his junior.

Scandal, rumour, gossip

Living with this distinguished couple at the time of the crime was a young couple—Catherine, the professor's dark, attractive daughter by his first marriage, and her husband, Pierre d'Espine.

Of all the suspects it is d'Espine who has borne the most vicious load of scandal, rumour and gossip. A tall, shock-haired, bespectacled man of thirty-one, Pierre is certainly neither a brilliant brain nor a forceful personality. That, of course, does not necessarily make him a murderer.

The professor had invited the d'Espines to stay with him while a new house—ordered by the young couple but paid for largely by the professor—was being built nearby. The d'Espines had stored their furniture and effects, which included some valuable pictures, in the cellars of the professor's house. This fact is important because it could have provoked the most significant act of any of the suspects on the night of the murder.

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

The young couple had brought their two children with them—a baby girl of eight weeks called Emmanuela, and a twenty-month-old boy, Nicolas. Looking after the children was a twenty-four year old Swiss nurse, Josiane. She had been with the d'Espines for four months and had given every satisfaction. The rest of the professor's household on the fatal night consisted of two servants—an Italian butler, Mario Breno, and the cook, Hélène. Mario is thin, lithe and young. Hélène is obese, rheumatic and elderly. These facts were to have some bearing on the case.

The missing five

On the night of October 3 the family arranged a small dinner party. There were only two guests—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Cramer. Like their hosts, the Cramers belong to the Geneva social hierarchy—Cramer runs an art gallery in which Catherine d'Espine had once worked.

The Cramers arrived at 7.45 p.m. Drinks were served, and at 8.15 the party dined.

Where, at this time, were the remaining five people in the house?

Hélène, the cook, was in the kitchen. Mario

killer's conscience?

Mme. Sarasin

killer?

On the night of October 3, Josiane, the nurse, went down to dinner and then returned to her bedroom in the attic

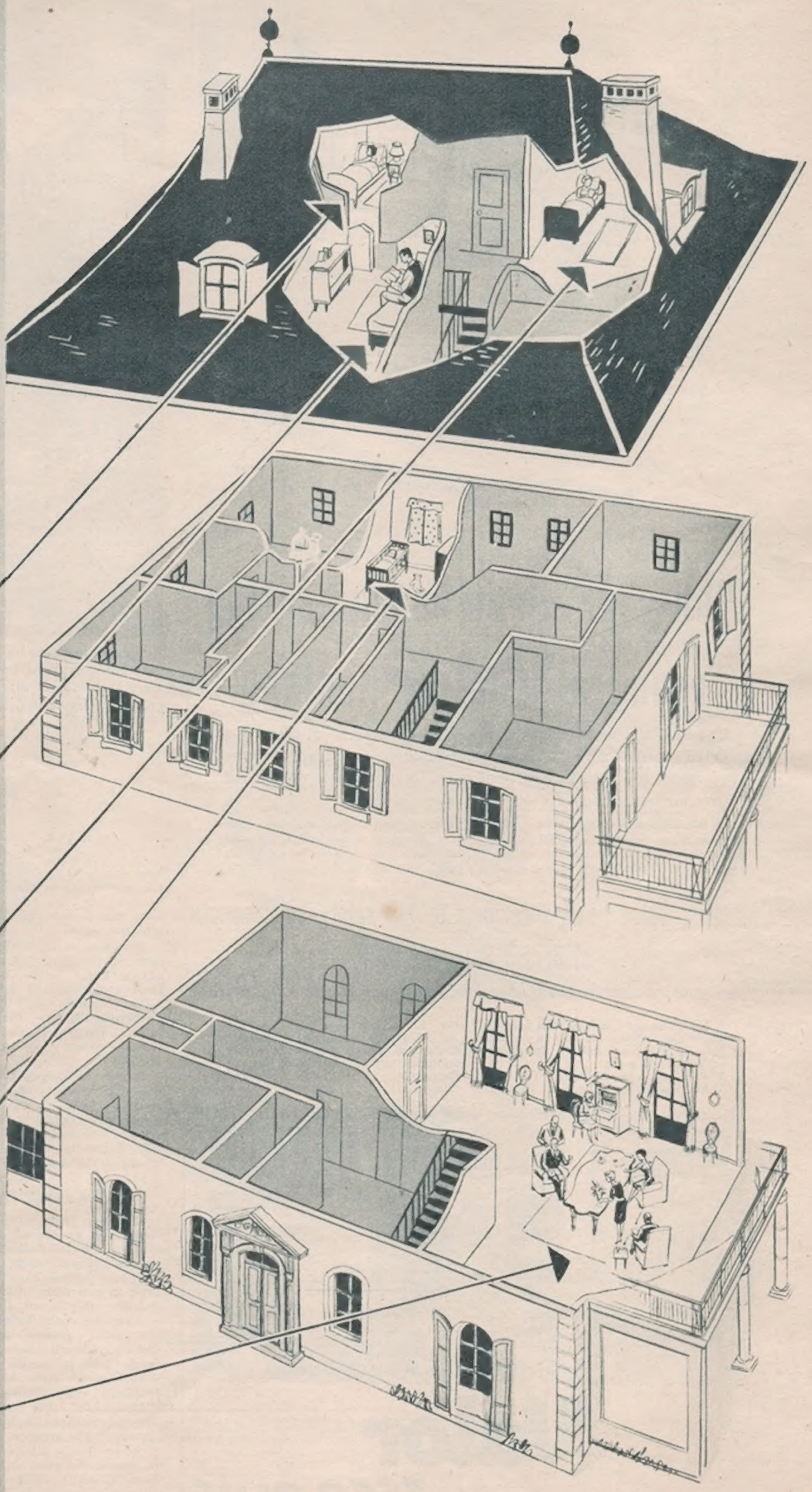
Blood was found on the bed-sheets of Mario Breno, butler. He was arrested, beaten up by the police—and released

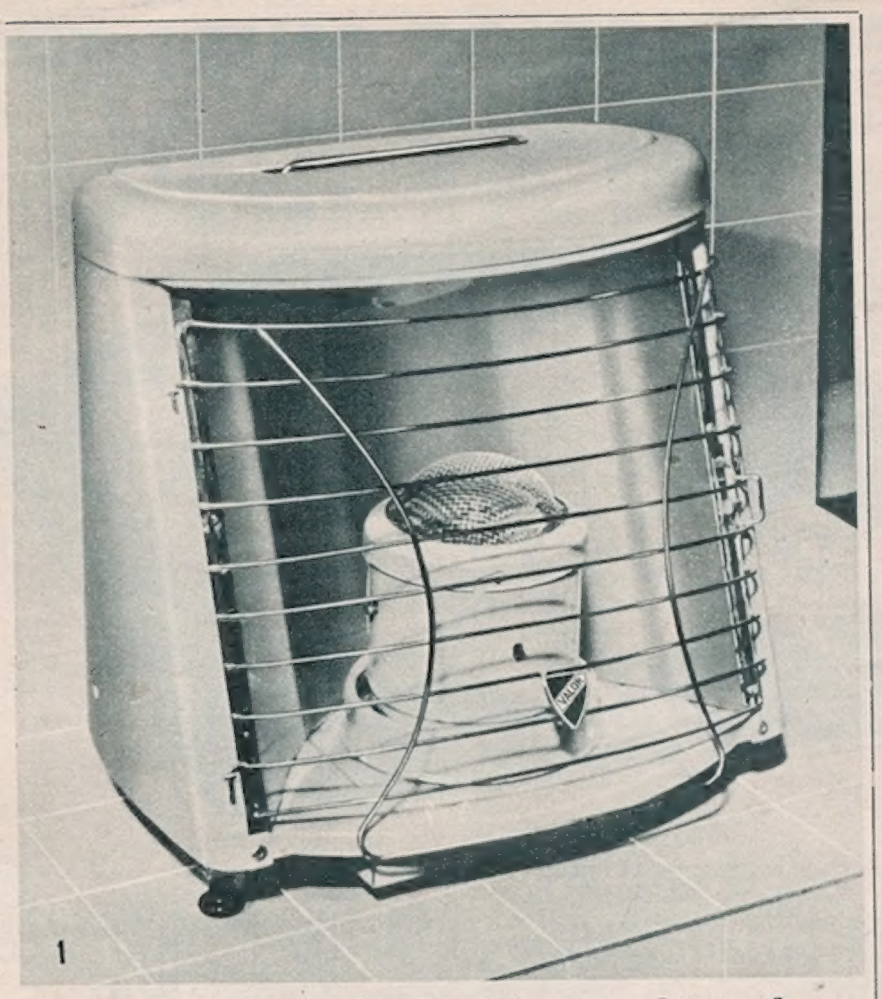
At ten o'clock Josiane heard the stairs creaking as Hélène, the elderly cook, went up to her bed. She, too, was arrested

Just before midnight the grandfather, a distinguished radiologist, found Nicolas battered and dying in his cot

In the drawing-room were six people—two guests, and the parents and grandparents of the murdered boy, Nicolas

THE HOUSE OF MURDER





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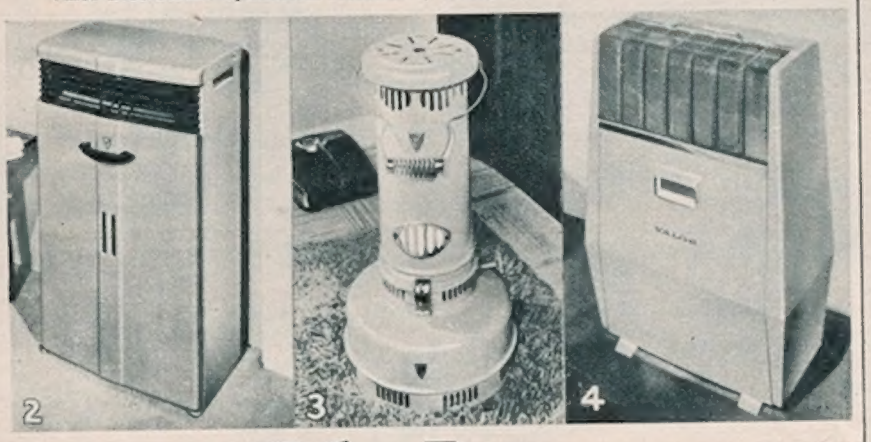

2 3 4

Valor

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All seven suspects have taken a lie-detector test held by psychologist Herr Muller. But after studying his graphs he has yet to give a verdict Italian butler Mario Breno (right) clasps a picture of baby Nicolas and says: "I am innocent." On his arrest, friends raised a defence fund

A baby dies . . .

continued from page 8

was serving at table. On the first floor the d'Espine children—baby Emmanuela in her cradle, Nicolas in his cot—were asleep. In the attic, above the children, Josiane, the nurse, was resting.

The meal, as the butler testified later, went off pleasantly, in contrast to that of the night before, when there had been some spirited family bickering. "Don't make a noise," warned Catherine d'Espine, the young mother, as the party left the table for the drawing-room, "you might wake up Nicolas."

While the others sat down in the drawing-room for coffee, Pierre d'Espine went upstairs. A devoted father, he apparently wished to make sure that Nicolas was comfortable. He found the boy—normally a light sleeper, and afraid of the dark—sleeping soundly.

The creaking stairs

D'Espine returned to the drawing-room after an absence of five minutes. When the butler had served coffee, the servants began *their* dinner in the kitchen. Josiane came down from the attic to join them. She ate her dinner quickly, then went to bed. At ten o'clock the cook, Hélène, went up to the attic. Josiane, not yet asleep, distinctly heard the wooden stairway creak under her weight—Hélène weighs over fourteen stone and her laboured footsteps were unmistakable.

Meanwhile, the six people in the drawing-room chatted over coffee and liqueurs. The subject of discussion was pictures. Pierre d'Espine remarked that he possessed a good water-colour by the French artist, Leger, and Cramer expressed interest. D'Espine went down to the cellar where the picture was stored, and brought it up. "It's very good," said Cramer, the expert, "but it's a pity to keep it in the cellar. Why not hang it in a drier place where it can be seen?"

Behind locked doors

Pierre d'Espine agreed, and remarking that he knew just where the picture should go, took it up to his bedroom on the first floor. Having hung the picture he looked in again at Nicolas in the adjoining room. The child was sleeping under the quilt, on his left side, breathing gently, with his right thumb in his mouth. Satisfied, the father returned to the drawing-room down carpeted stairs—which were in contrast to the creaky wooden stairs up to the servants' quarters. In all he was absent for about four or five minutes.

The butler was serving whisky and soda when d'Espine returned—time: about 10.35 p.m. During the previous hour, only the nurse, the cook and d'Espine himself had been up to the first floor—the two servants on their way to the attic, and Pierre on his two visits to his son's room. Nobody else had left the ground floor and nobody—for all the doors and windows were locked—could have entered the house from outside. Any prowlers would assuredly have aroused the two labrador watchdogs, kennelled in the garden. The baby, Nicolas, on his father's evidence, was still alive at this vital period.

At about 10.35 p.m. the nurse, Josiane, in her attic, heard certain "dull sounds" which seemed to come from the first floor. Down below in the

drawing-room, Catherine d'Espine and the Cramers also heard the sounds. But neither Catherine nor the Cramers were able to say whether the sounds coincided with d'Espine's second visit to his son's room. The dull sounds alarmed nobody—they were the kind a baby would make turning over in its cot.

At eleven the Cramers left, Mario, the butler, showing them out. He then locked the front door, and checked the other doors and windows—one of his duties—before retiring. Josiane, still awake, heard his steps on the wooden stairway. They were light and agile, quite distinct from the elephantine progress of the cook, Hélène, who had come up more than an hour before.

When the guests departed the Sarasins and the d'Espines lingered on in the drawing-room, talking. At around ten minutes to midnight they went to bed.

It could be thought that one of the young parents might, at this moment, have taken a last look at their son, Nicolas. In fact, it was the grandfather, Professor Sarasin, who went into the child's room. Sarasin saw that all was not well. Nicolas had bled from the nose, and vomit stained the sheets. He was alive, though in a coma.

Sarasin, with his professional eye, saw that the child's condition was desperate, although the thought of violence did not occur to him. The professor gave the alarm, wrapped Nicolas in a blanket and, with Pierre d'Espine, drove to the Cantonal Hospital in Geneva.

Now it's murder

At the Cantonal Hospital, doctors did what they could. The boy's chest was opened, his heart massaged; a blood transfusion was given. In the early hours of the morning, Nicolas died.

Before even a post-mortem was ordered, one thing was clear: this was no accident. The head injuries which caused death would correspond to a fall of at least fifteen feet; the child's cot was less than three feet high. And if the child had fallen out, who had put him back in the cot?

The doctors discovered something else. There were no visible lesions on the boy's skull. It was this which had deceived Sarasin into thinking that the child had not been struck. The injuries had been inflicted by a heavy object wrapped in some shock-absorbing material—a massive ashtray of glass or bronze, for example, wrapped in a woollen vest.

A noiseless death

Such a weapon would cause death noiselessly. But the skull of a twenty-month old child is fragile. It needed skill and an anatomical knowledge to inflict such terrible injuries without trace. Skill—or luck.

In Switzerland, criminal investigation is in the hands of an examining magistrate, who has sole authority for arrest and search, interrogations, and permission to use such devices as the lie detector and the truth drug. The police work independently, but the examining magistrate is all powerful. The official chosen to take charge of the d'Espine affair was sixty-year-old Judge William Dunand, Geneva's senior magistrate.

Once the police were satisfied the crime was not the work of an intruder, they arrested the butler, Mario Breno.

This was their evidence: Mario was under a week's notice from Sarasin. He had been courting Josiane, and his attentions had been violently repulsed. Also, he had a police record. And he was one of the four people who had gone to the first floor between 9.30 p.m., when the child was alive, and midnight, when he was found dying. Moreover, blood was found on the sheets of Mario's bed. Such a dossier was quite adequate for the Geneva C.I.D.

Breno was taken to the Saint-Antoine

By appointment to Her Majesty The Queen

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A baby dies . . .

continued from previous page

prison, where he was seriously beaten up. But the Italian insisted he had nothing to do with the murder. After eight days he was released. The police had, by this time, learned some inconvenient facts. He had indeed flirted with the nurse, but it was in fun, and not resented. His "police record" showed that he had once been suspected by a previous employer of stealing one cigar. There was ample evidence that he was fond of the child, Nicolas, and was well liked by the Sarasins. Finally, the blood found on his sheets was not of the same group as the child's, and Mario's explanation that it was the result of paring a corn was feasible.

While the Italian colony in Switzerland protested at Mario's treatment, and raised a fund for his defence, the judge cast round again, and this time took the old cook, Hélène, into his net. She had been under observation in an asylum.

Yet Josiane, the nurse, testified that Hélène had not left the attic for the first floor during the two vital hours between ten and midnight. Josiane would certainly have heard her go down the rickety wooden stairs. As for Josiane, witnesses declared that she doted on the children. And to prove it the d'Espines kept her as nurse to the surviving child.

The judge had done with the attic. It was time to go down to the drawing-room. He announced that all the adults present on the fatal night—except the Cramers, who had never left the ground floor—were suspects, and should hold themselves available for interrogation. The suspects were watched, their actions noted, their personal contacts checked. An atmosphere of stifling malaise closed round the house.

Anonymous letters poured into Judge Dunand's office. If he had been unable to find a motive for the crime, he was offered plenty of suggestions. The murdered boy, Nicolas—so the gossips said—had been backward and a shame to his parents. His life had been heavily insured. Sarasin was known to despise his son-in-law, and would do anything to dishonour him.

Judge Dunand investigated these suggestions and found them wanting. Day after day he questioned the seven suspects. Their stories never varied.

Fifteen detectives probed the house. They did not find the murder weapon. There were scores of fingerprints, but none was incriminating and none of the four pathologists called in could establish the precise time of the attack.

Lie detector tests

A month went by. Then Judge Dunand called in Herr Muller, Director of the Institute of Applied Psychology in Zurich, and asked him to bring his lie detector to Geneva.

When a person lies the heart beats faster, the arteries dilate, and the sweat glands weep. The lie detector, actuated by responses from the brassard on the arm, the rubber clamp across the heart and the metal cathode in the palm of the hand, can record the lie by showing a break or jerk in a graph line.

But it needs an expert to operate it. The very fact of being subjected to it puts up blood pressure and races the heart. The graph line zig-zags already, though only the truth is being told. Skill and experience are needed to distinguish the genuine lie. And the operator has to judge what questions should be put, how they should be spaced and phrased. He must be a subtle psychologist, not just a detective, and have all the facts of the case. To help Herr Muller, Judge Dunand decided to reconstruct the crime.

Reconstructions are always painful, but few can have been so pathetic as the macabre comedy organized by Dunand on the evening of November 12. Everybody present on the murder night was there—except Nicolas.

Dunand, with his passion for precision, was determined to have everything just so. The lights went up in the house on the Grand-Saconnex. Mario, in his white coat, prepared the drinks. Hélène shuffled the familiar pots and pans. Josiane lay down in her attic room. In the drawing-room six people sat where they had sat five weeks before. The nightmare began. . . .

Dinner, and the terrible, ghostly conversation. Coffee. Josiane comes up; Pierre d'Espine goes up; Hélène climbs heavily to the attic. The Cramers leave. Now it is midnight. Professor Sarasin—what must he, what must any of them, have been suffering—goes into the dead boy's room.

'Take this hammer'

"Well," says the dry voice of Judge Dunand, "what did you do?" "I shouted," says the professor. "Then shout," comes the answer. The professor shouts. The servants clatter down.

"Take this hammer," says Dunand quietly to Pierre d'Espine, "and hit the baby on the head." The father of the dead child turns on the judge. The police intervene. There is clamour and mutual accusations. The play is no longer intelligible. Except to Herr Muller. He takes no more notes. He watches. Tomorrow his machine will speak.

It took three or four days for Herr Muller to prepare his lie detector. He had to compose thirty questions for each of the seven suspects, and they had to be questions which would permit only the answers "Yes" or "No." The lie detector has its rules, and Herr Muller respects them.

One after another the seven suspects talked to the machine, the butler, Mario Breno, last. When Mario had answered his final question, Herr Muller packed up his box of tricks. Next morning he took a train to Zurich. He had forty yards of graph paper to decipher and interpret.

It could be wrong

Somewhere on those tracings he would detect that so-and-so had killed a small and sleeping child. Not infallibly. Herr Muller knew that his machine could be wrong once in ten times. That was his problem.

We do not know what Herr Muller read in his forty yards of graph paper, nor what he told Judge Dunand. The mystery of the murder at the house in the Grand-Saconnex is as obscure as ever. The judge still see the suspects in his little office at No. 1 City Street; he sees them alone and he makes no statements.

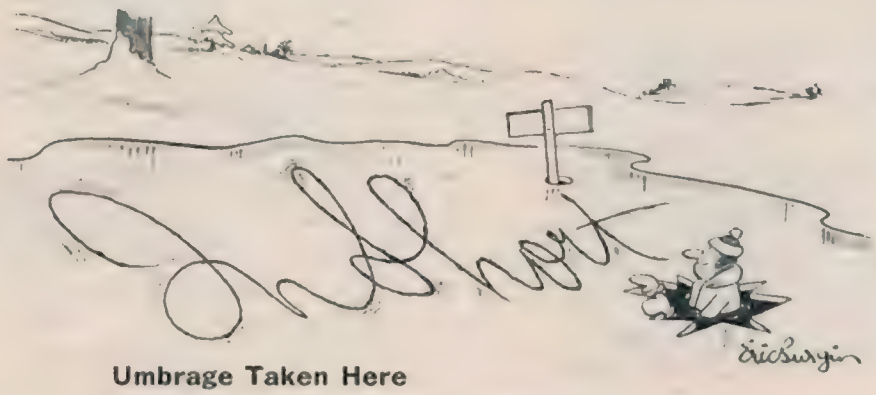
Meanwhile, life has to be lived. Professor Sarasin still goes to his clinic in the pleasant suburb of Beaulieu. Mario Breno, when he is not consulting his lawyer, walks with his fiancée by the lake. Hélène, the cook, has found another job. Josiane wheels out the baby, Emmanuela, every afternoon.

Pierre d'Espine works in his bank in Geneva, while his wife, Catherine, inspects the new house her father is having built for her. Only the Cramers, unwittingly caught up in the tragedy, are not there. They have taken a long holiday. END

I'd Rather Flop

Middle age is when displays
Of ardour
For any form of exercise
Come harder.

HAL CHADWICK



Umbrage Taken Here

1 Come, Rover, we seem to be annoying this gentleman.

2 It just so happens that I *am* one of those footling little busybodies, as you call them.

3 *Identify* myself? You mean you've never seen me on TV?

4 Well perhaps you know better than I do. I only lived in the country ten years.

5 What do you mean, "we older folk"?

6 Don't apologise, Mr. Penberthy, I perfectly understand why you prefer Gloria for the part.

7 Oh, you're having a party. I didn't know.

PATRICK GOLDRING

It's The Other Chap's Fault

When I'm out in my car it's a pity to see
How the fellow in front drives so close up to me.

NOEL SCOTT

No, Like This!

"You'll never get that fire to light. Good thing I happened to drop in. The lowest layer ought to be at an angle of about one hundred and twenty degrees to the direction of the main upward draught."

"I'd do better if you'd lend me some firelighters."

"It ought to be built up systematically into a field of combustion. The wood should be a mixture—hardwood with a core of resinous softwoods. The sticks should be oblong but slightly tapering towards the back of the grate, and arranged in a trellis pattern."

"When do we come to the coal?"

"After a second layer of paper has been placed over the wood. It should be thinner than the first layer."

"And be torn from newspapers that support a different political party?"

"The coal should be graded for size. The larger lumps are best towards the back. The smoothest surfaces should lie upwards."

"I'll go and polish a few lumps straight away."

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

PERSONAL COLUMN

JOE. Of course I love you, but you rang during Hancock. Flo.

SEVENTH sons of seventh sons who wish to get in touch with seventh daughters of seventh daughters should send stamped addressed envelope to JB 666.

THE Hibernation Society of Great Britain can accept a few more volunteers for 1960-61 in its comfortable new deep-freeze at Mendip Manor, Rumbleton.

SOS. Anyone who knows how to extract mice from an elephant's trunk ring GUG 1234.

ARE you troubled by hypnotists? Two drops of Probono in each eye daily will give you confidence.

PSYCHIATRIST has for disposal a large number of teddy bears relinquished by former patients. JB 667.

START the day luxuriously with "Delecto" Chocolate Liqueurs in your bath, in the new floating pack. From Maison Sidebotham, Leeds.

THE town clerk need never know you have a bar in your council house. We deliver our sectional Minibar in plain cartons, at night if requested. Hercules Works, Clobbering.

SLIM without harmful pills, harsh dieting or massage. Just four hours a day on our old-world treadmill, churning out turnip juice for your refreshment. The Nature Farm, East Twittering.

E. S. TURNER

DEVIL *at the wheel*

A nagging wife can make a man a menace on the road

"EVERY driver thinks he is good," said the veteran police officer, summing up the British motorist. "In all my experience I have never stopped anyone who did not think he was faultless. And they all go on the defensive at the first emergency to insist they are the victims of circumstances.

"I once saw a man's exhaust fall off and passed him to flag him down and tell him so. His first words were: 'Officer, I have been driving for fifteen years and never had an accident. I had nothing to do with it.' I told him I had stopped him only to say that he had lost his exhaust. He said: 'It's not my fault, it's these wretched modern cars.'"

The Chief Constable of Birmingham told me: "A man's whole personality seems to change as soon as he steps into a motor car." Mr. Justice Stable said: "For some incredible reason the moment we get into a car all the good manners and decency that most of us have appear to vanish."

These are broad statements, and not all psychologists accept them. They tend to think that a driver's true personality is reflected when he or she is in charge of a car, just as some people believe that you cannot judge a person's character ultimately until you have seen him drunk.

There *are* good drivers. Motoring association patrols, police and driving instructors agree that the most consistently reliable type is the "professional" driver. But this does not mean all people who habitually use a car in the course of getting a living. "A chauffeur, a bus driver and even a fireman has only one object—to get from A to B efficiently and safely," says Ronald Priestley, chief instructor to the British School of Motoring.

Single-minded

"Long-distance truck drivers, too, are admirable men at the wheel, because they have no other concern. In these days they are not even involved in unloading the cargo when they arrive.

"But a short-distance lorry driver may have his mind on unloading, or on his pay for piecework. A salesman may be thinking: *I didn't get an order at the last call and I've just got to get another order today.* A doctor, who must motor for much of his time, cannot help reflecting on the serious case he may have left."

Something on your mind is a big factor in bad driving, and a motorist's efficiency can be judged by how far his job or his personality shields him from these distracting influences.

The back-seat driver virtually has a hand on the wheel and a foot on the controls—and need not be in the car in order to influence the driver's performance. The hen-pecked driver is dangerous wherever the spouse happens to be at the time, according to a magistrates' journal, *Justice of the Peace*, which says:

"We may yet reach a stage where the bench will order a driving licence to be endorsed with the cautionary words 'Married naggee' or withdraw the licence altogether during cohabitation

by ALLEN ANDREWS

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

Are you broadminded?

Answer these questions, set by a doctor, to see if you are as unprejudiced as you think you are.

1. If your child or someone much younger than yourself asked for advice and then did exactly the opposite, would you consider him

(a) disrespectful?
(b) stupid?
(c) perfectly entitled to teach himself by trial and error?

2. Let's suppose there are two plumbers in your district. One is white and the other coloured. Both are available to carry out a rather intricate pipe-mending job and both charge the same prices. Would you

(a) privately feel that the white man would do the better job and deal only with him?
(b) deliberately call in the coloured man as a gesture against the colour bar?
(c) inquire of both and choose the one who could come the earlier?

3. A neighbour you know quite vaguely is charged with embezzlement and goes to prison. He returns to his house when he has served his sentence. Is your policy to

(a) let bygones be bygones?
(b) make a point of seeing him and saying that the past won't affect your friendliness?
(c) cut him dead when you meet him?

4. "Wealthy financiers are avaricious men so busy grasping money and power that they have no time for the finer things of life."

(a) True of all?
(b) True of some?
(c) True of none?

5. Your boss, or someone whose good opinion about your social status and general ability you value, invites you to a function with a hundred or so guests, few of whom you know. Just as you are chatting with your host a notorious ne'er-do-well comes up and tries to attract your attention. Do you

(a) ignore him?
(b) say "hallo" and then turn your back?
(c) ask your host if he knows the man and so bring him into the conversation?
(d) whisper to your host: "Fancy him being here! How embarrassing!"?

6. People argue about the behaviour of women who smoke in the street. In your opinion is it

(a) bad manners?
(b) reasonable in an age of sex equality?
(c) the sign of general decadence?

7. If a priest preaches a sermon in which he takes examples from the Bible in order to criticize the official policy of the Government do you think that he is

(a) as entitled as anyone else to give his views?
(b) specially entitled as a man of God to combat wrong as he sees it?
(c) interfering in worldly matters which are not his concern?

8. A married woman with a child under ten who gets a job is

(a) greedy for money?
(b) commendable?
(c) a travesty of a real wife and mother?

9. The democratic way of life as practised in Britain for centuries cannot really be successful in other countries because the inhabitants have no sense of tradition.

(a) True?
(b) False?

10. Some months ago an American serviceman brought his fourteen-year-old wife to this country. When you read the news was your immediate reaction

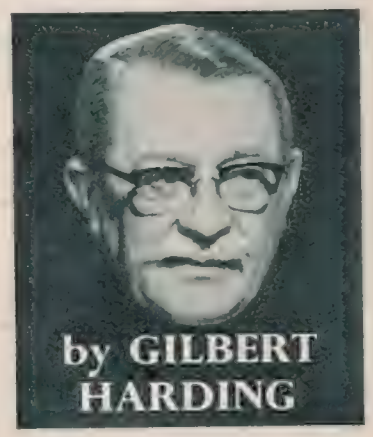
(a) how disgusting!
(b) what strange laws they have in the U.S.A.
(c) American law is America's business but the young woman shouldn't be allowed to live here.
(d) what a pity British girls of fourteen can't marry.
(e) what a fuss about nothing.

Now turn to page 38

Never again

YOU cannot look through a column of advertisements for furnished accommodation these days without seeing those unpleasant words: "NO COLOUREDS." Far too many of them end in that way.

Indeed, one Englishman got so fed up with seeing the words that he went to the other extreme in his own advertisement and said, "Only coloured people need apply." A fine gesture—but in principle nothing is achieved by exchanging one prejudice for another.



by GILBERT HARDING

Know it for evil

None of us is entirely free from prejudice, and in little things we are at liberty to indulge them.

My own prejudices are many and mostly trivial. I dislike men who talk with pipes in their mouths, women who smoke in the street, typists who paint their fingernails, people who unwrap sweets in the theatre and actors who "talk common" without knowing which dialect they are trying to employ.

Few people are entirely free from racial and colour prejudice. But one of the marks of the civilized man is his ability to recognize the evil of such prejudice, and to avoid any expression of it.

After all, a man who bites his nails or drinks too much can stop biting his nails or become a teetotaller, but nobody can change his race or colour.

The moment that any one of us thinks that because of his creed, colour or race he is, for that reason alone, better than anyone else, he has within him the ingredients of Fascism or Nazism —of hysterical, organized cruelty.

It has often been fashionable to despise, and occasionally to persecute, the Jews. But only a minute's informed recollection will remind us what civilization owes to the Jews. They have given much to the arts and sciences.

It is easy enough to blame recent outbursts of anti-Semitism on louts and

DEVIL *at the wheel*

continued from previous page

with an exceptionally exasperating spouse."

The escapist can be a dangerous driver for similar psychological reasons. He may be taking a chance, as other people gamble with money, seeking a compensation for a life he regards as dull and jaded.

Driver is boss

"Motor accidents and bruised egos go together," says psychiatrist Dr. Louis Balsam. "A car is a most effective salve for emotional hurts. All day long, on the job, perhaps at home, you have been carrying out orders. Behind the wheel of a car, you are boss. You step on the gas and great power leaps to your command. You put distance between yourself and your unhappiness—temporarily. All this is fine when things go well for you. But when you are emotionally upset your car can turn into a lethal weapon."

The aggressive driver may be an escapist, or he may be forceful on the road because of a sense of inferiority which he cannot shake off elsewhere.

The small man in the big car is a common instance. Some men regard their small stature as a personal slight from Nature. Pillowed in a large car, with their eyes looking through the steering wheel, these are the drivers who hoot at learners or irresolute pedestrians.

Another awkward driver is known to the experts as "the sufferer." He is the man who has to drive, but hates it. Some driving instructors declare that he is very well represented among clergymen. Many of them have to drive, but they are not at ease at the wheel, and every nuance of driving is an indication to the world that this is not really their cup of tea.

They go comparatively slowly, and with the lips often drawn back from the teeth in an expression of acute distaste.

Tortoise drivers are well-known objects of derision and as a class feel unjustly maligned. Stirling Moss says of them: "It is the fellow (usually in an elderly machine that needs its brakes and steering overhauled) travelling along at twenty-five miles an hour in the middle of the road who is the greatest danger."

Criticism of this type is justified if they ignore the sense of the Highway Code regarding traffic streams and its plain injunction: "Do not hug the middle of the road."

Weekend drivers are often confused with "tortoises," but the two types do not strictly overlap. When they crawl, without lane discipline, on busy roads on Sundays they do create nervous tension and frustration behind them, and the bad temper sparked off leads to accidents, though rarely involving the weekend driver.

The good risks

But among them are many veteran motorists, perhaps elderly and making fewer journeys now, who have the most delicate "feel" for the traffic and for their own machine. They can usually be distinguished by the state of the car.

A man drives as he lives, say the experts. His car reflects the pattern of his life. For this reason, the tidy driver with a well-kept car is generally most effective at the wheel. He has a tidy mind and can tuck away preoccupations until the journey's end. It is not mere chance that the drivers most favoured by insurance companies are accountants, bank officials and civil servants.

Merely on the evidence of claims they

lunatics and to brush aside the more violent outbreaks abroad by saying, "It can't happen here." But it can; it did.

I don't know how numerous Oswald Mosley's blackshirted followers were, but they were troublesome enough for Parliament to pass an Act against them in 1936. Today they and their kind are not only not dead, they won't lie down.

It seems ridiculous that only fifteen years after the end of the bitter war against Nazism that there should be an organization calling itself the British Nazi Movement, which has the temerity to threaten Jewish M.P.s.

But it takes more than ridicule to destroy something so poisonous and deep-seated as anti-Semitism.

The root of racial and religious prejudice comes from two sources. One is a dislike of a powerful and separate minority, and the other, especially when it comes to colour, is the fear of an overwhelming majority.

A man must be very stupid to think that he is fundamentally any better than a Negro because he is white. In these days, with coloured people emerging from near savagery and illiteracy, it is only fear that can explain the behaviour of people like Governor Faubus of Arkansas, and South Africa's Dr. Verwoerd, or the illiterates of Notting Hill.

Part of the revulsion that civilized men feel for colour prejudice arises from the knowledge that it is rooted in fear.

It's our problem

I have friends with whom I can discuss the colour prejudice in America and South Africa, but they all tell me that we cannot understand their problems because we have no colour problem of our own.

Perhaps, in Britain, we have not, but in the Commonwealth there are many more coloured people than white, and the way their reasonable ambitions are met by our politicians will decide the future of the world.

In the meantime we can all help. Let us remember that whatever colour or race we may be, we owe it to God, and never miss any opportunity of aiding society to rid itself of these dangerous prejudices.

END

cause the least trouble (they may be "tortoises" and project the trouble to other people).

The untidy people, the students in bone-shakers inexpertly hotted-up, wearing scarves three times round their neck and once around the gear lever, are the chaps the insurance men don't want to know.

Women are safer

Women are always considered good pupils, because they will more readily take instruction from a man. The consensus of opinion is that they are safer drivers, though more rarely of top skill.

Psychologist Dr. Eustace Chesser explains that there is a class of "loving" drivers — the reverse of the aggressive—who are more ready to show charity and have a greater respect for road hazards. Women are "loving" more frequently than men, perhaps, says Chesser, because their maternal instinct gives them greater emotional maturity and a truer sense of road values.

Though women on both sides of the Atlantic are involved in proportionately fewer accidents than men, only in America do they pay a basically lower insurance premium.

Four essentials are part of the make-up of the first-class driver. They are, first, a natural flair which is shown in ease and delicacy of control, and a sympathy with the vehicle that will not wrench it or force it beyond its potential.

Since this is truly inborn, there is no occupation or profession that can be relied on to display it generally—with one exception.

The rigorous weeding out of modern aircraft pilots has left only the "supermen" in the game, and they can generally be relied on to have this easy aptitude.

Driving quack

The second essential is expert training. Too many people who would never let Uncle George treat their pneumonia will jump at the chance of free driving lessons from him—but he may be a quack at that, too. The third need is appreciation of road conditions, which is largely a matter of maturity and training, but will never be absorbed by some people.

And, finally, there is the indispensable tolerance, good manners or courtesy —the lack of which causes most of our accidents.

Give the last word to a sixty-three year old lorry driver, Bob Oram, of Islington, who was saluted by the Minister of Transport as a first-rate specimen of the British driver: "Keep good tempered and keep smiling. Driving is a hundred per cent concentration. You cannot drive properly with a chip on your shoulder."

END

WORLD

SEE PAGE 29

SCOOP!

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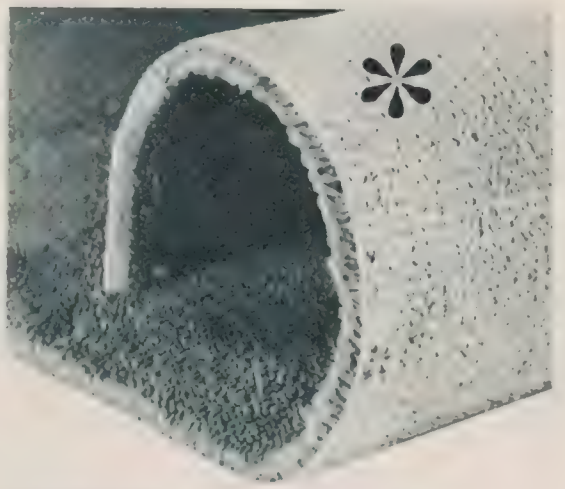

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Sir Larry's new girl

'Ladies' are out. Now

WHEN our most distinguished Shakespearian actor boozes and blubbers his seedy way through the forthcoming film version of *The Entertainer*, watch the girl who plays Sir Laurence Olivier's daughter. She is something new in Olivier's leading ladies, something new in British films.

She is Joan Plowright, from Scunthorpe, at twenty-eight a girl with a style distinctively her own.

Author John Osborne has specially rewritten the stage version of *The Entertainer* to make her part in the picture the most important feminine rôle.

For Olivier, Miss Plowright represents a further break from the kind of leading lady he has had in the past ten years—a break which began when he made *The Prince And The Showgirl* with Marilyn Monroe.

Until then, Olivier's leading ladies, when he wasn't acting with his wife, Vivien Leigh, tended to be ladylike—people like Greer Garson, Jean Simmons (in the days before she went in for nude love scenes), Claire Bloom and Jennifer Jones.

Teaming Olivier with refinement and high dignity was a tradition that went back to the 'thirties when, as "a second Ronald Colman," he had been hastily summoned to Hollywood to play Garbo's leading man in *Queen Christina* —and had been as hastily sent packing when the great Garbo decided she didn't like the look of him after all.

A later co-star, Merle Oberon, was almost as unappreciative. During one scene with Olivier while filming *Wuthering Heights* she snapped: "Please don't spit at me!" and both parties split up fuming.

Marilyn Monroe was at least a change. Though she was married to a distinguished dramatist, took a house in Surrey and bicycled in Windsor Park, it could fairly be said that the cuddly blonde with the parted lips and the air of sexy innocence never quite fitted into Home Counties society.

Contemporary

Joan Plowright is the 1960 model contemporary-style actress. Raised in Scunthorpe, she was trained at the Old Vic school and in repertory and nurtured in the lively, experimental, youthful company busy revolutionizing British drama at the Royal Court Theatre in London. She has abounding talent, an outsize capacity for hard work, copper hair, a utility accent, vividly expressive eyes and an active social conscience.

From her association with the John Osborne group, her taste for earthy drama and her serious-minded talk, it

From Scunthorpe to the Old Vic. . . . Now she leads with Olivier in the film version of *The Entertainer*. That's Joan Plowright's road to success

he's got a rebel who is young, chic and gay

by PATRICK GOLDRING

has been deduced that she is an Angry Young Woman. This she strenuously denies and her friends describe her as a sensitive, gentle, indeed a cosy, person.

The variety of her parts and her talents have led to her being described as a female Alec Guinness. Orson Welles, however, who hired her to play an eight-year-old coloured cabin-boy in his stage version of *Moby Dick*, has his own name for her—Snooks.

After the first night of the show she got some good notices—but others depressed her. When she mentioned this to Welles he roared: "How dare you presume to think you can please everybody!"

Versatile

Presumptuous or not, she has been pleasing a great number of people. She has toured South Africa as a plump Old Vic fairy, collecting a husband—fellow-actor Roger Gage—on the way. She has romped and grimaced in West End farce, philosophized in offbeat foreign drama, leered in bawdy classics and argued in Shaw plays, all to loud and prolonged applause.

Her reputation for versatility has been built up at the Royal Court. Her chore in one production was to play the lead in two foreign one-act plays the same night. For the first she had to play an ancient of ninety-four. Then, after the interval, she had to appear as a flighty seventeen-year-old.

Well-groomed

In the Court's atmosphere sweaters and slacks are the accepted uniform and smart clothes are suspect. No one had reason to suspect Miss Plowright of being a smart dresser until after a trip to New York. When she returned friends noted that the former casual sweater girl was now turning up at parties looking chic and well-groomed.

She explained that she had found American clothes gayer and more imaginative than English ones. Yet the change marked a new maturity, too.

"You set off, if you're mad about acting, thinking talent means slacks and a sweater and being unkempt, and that being a fashion-plate means you're no actress," Miss Plowright now confesses. "I suppose I was setting out to prove I got there by talent alone."

Off parade, however, visitors can still expect to find her at home in black skirt and stockings and white jumper, topped on a cold day by a leather coat with white fur collar.

One taste from her early days Miss Plowright has not abandoned is her love for good, plain food and plenty of it, though an inclination to plumpness nowadays confines her to non-fattening dishes.

Miss Plowright's biggest personal triumph came last year in a play which most successful actresses would not have touched. She turned down offers of West End theatre and TV parts in favour of the unpromisingly titled *Roots* by a twenty-six year old, almost unknown writer called Arnold Wesker.

Doing the play meant working for a small salary. But it gave her a plum part which would use all her acting resources, and impose a nervous and physical strain which left her exhausted.

At rehearsals, Arnold Wesker recalls, she would stretch out, absolutely limp, on a table between scenes.

Big ordeal

She recalls now that nervousness made filming *The Entertainer* an ordeal at first. Although she had played the part before on the stage, the normal film process of shooting scenes out of sequence confused her.

She felt like running away during the first week. That she stayed on to enjoy making the picture was perhaps due in part to Olivier's understanding and sympathy. After the tears and tizzies of Marilyn Monroe, during the making of *The Prince And The Showgirl*, soothing Miss Plowright must have been child's play.

Today, with the prestige of an Olivier film lead to add to her stage achievements, the talented one-time schoolteacher from Scunthorpe has unquestionably arrived. There has been a separation from the husband acquired in the early touring days. Money is no longer a worry. She lives in a furnished flat in a Kensington square—soon it will be time to think of a house.

Choice is hers

Does she enjoy her success? She kicks off her shoes, sucks her little finger, widens her eyes.

"The main thing now is, I've got a chance to choose. In the old days I just turned up to an audition and was thrilled to get any job so that I could go on acting and earning a living."

She wriggles and makes faces. Her eyes shine with the wonder of being young and alive with so much experience and hard work to enjoy. She is, in fact, still the sort of cheerful, intelligent girl you could argue about life with in a pub. END

The BIG FISH

Since boyhood I'd dreamed of revenge. Now it was here—and there was a

by WILLIAM HOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Ellen reached the bridge before I caught up. She fought me silently, using all her strength. But I held her . . .

LAST June, after long negotiations, there was an exchange of stock between New Age Pressings, Ltd., and Armstrong Fibres. The deal made headlines. It seemed to be the fashion to give what the press called "take-over bids" the front-page treatment. Inevitably, I came in for a share of the publicity, and my life — the orphan-boy-to-millionaire stuff — was rehashed for the umpteenth time.

The fuss died down eventually, though, and about a month later I went to London to see Jim Mooney. From the pile of papers he brought to my office he handed me a breakdown of profits, over the last five years, of the companies in the NAP group.

"I think you will find there are only two that—ah—call for re-appraisal, Mr. Armstrong," he said. He was a funny, dry little chap, terribly precise both in appearance and speech. "There is the one at Leamington. . . ."

"Barwell Resins?" I said, looking at the breakdown.

"That's it—you will notice that the returns have been consistently low. Also that much of the production is duplicating that of our plant at Slough. . . ." Mooney wagged his head regretfully.

"Slough is certainly more central," I said. "How much would we save?"

Mooney hated being tied to figures. He wriggled. "Well, of course, that would depend on a variety of factors. . . ."

I CUT him short. "We'll close Leamington," I said, pencilling a cross beside the name Barwell Resins. "Now, which is the other?"

"Oh, that's a very tiny concern." Mooney riffled through a sheaf of papers. "Here we are: the Halliday Belting Company."

My pencil slipped from my fingers and rolled across the desk. I made a grab for it.

"They've shown a loss over the reviewed period," Mooney said in shocked tones. "They had a slight margin in the last financial year, however."

"Is this the firm at Kettley, Yorkshire?" I asked, knowing that it was.

"Yes, it's very remote. And it really doesn't contribute—I recommend immediate closure. There are, I understand, only about eighty workpeople involved."

It used to be bigger than that, I thought. "I'll go up and take a look at the place," I said.

Mooney did not try to hide his surprise. "That hardly seems necessary, Mr. Armstrong." He hesitated. After a moment he said carefully: "These visits can sometimes be—unpleasant. There are local loyalties to be considered. These small concerns are incapable of seeing the—ah—wider perspective." He looked at me worriedly. "I really don't think it's advisable."

"I'll go up at the weekend," I said.

When Mooney had gone, I sat at my desk for some time. The Halliday Belting Company had fallen into my hands like a ripe plum. It was one of the most satisfying moments of my life.

I drove up to Yorkshire on the Saturday. The sun was sliding towards the Pennines when I reached my own country, the North Riding, and drove up Kettley's lumpy High Street to the Red Lion.

I thumbed the horn button but no one appeared. I got out of the car and banged on the inn door. Still nobody came.

AFTER a bit I stopped trying to rouse the inhabitants and felt for my pipe. *Let him knock. It's only Harry Armstrong, t'lad from railway wagon. The lad in cut-down breeches and a shirt that Ernie Taylor grew out of. . . .*

I walked back down the street. Kettley hadn't changed much. It had a garage now, and there was a bus stop where the cattle trough had stood. I remembered putting Arthur Halliday into that trough once.

I walked on towards the church. The street was hot and still under the late afternoon sun. I took my jacket off and carried it over my arm.

The churchyard, dappled with shade from the high elms, looked green and cool. Leaning on the rough, sun-warmed wall, I tried to pick out the graves of my parents. Mother was buried somewhere on the south side. There was no stone. My father, killed nine years earlier, had received better treatment: some of his mates at the factory had clubbed together to pay for his funeral. From where I stood I could just see the simple cross where he lay.

A narrow lane ran past the side of the church. Fifty yards down, on the left, a gate led into a field containing my ancestral home—a derelict railway coach.

I stood looking at that for a time, too, mildly surprised that it should still be there. We'd had to carry our water all the way from the village pump. We'd carried a lot of water, Mother and I, because after Father's death she had taken in washing. The Hallidays, with their deathtrap factory, had never paid a penny to my mother in compensation.

I was going to collect for all that, now. I was going to put them out of business. I hoped that it was Arthur Halliday who was running the factory. Arthur had been behind all the indignities and insults I had suffered as a lad; I had dreaded the times when he was home from his posh school.

I went on down the lane, feeling bitter and grim. At the bottom of the lane there was a small river

oman in the way

The big fish

continued from page 20

running under a hump-backed bridge. On one side the water came spilling whitely through a mill-race; on the other it flowed into a natural basin known as Mill Pond. A boy was fishing there.

"Any luck?" I asked.

He shook his head. He was about twelve years old.

I lowered myself to the grass beside him. It was peaceful there, and soon the boy seemed to have forgotten me.

I thought I should have checked to make sure it was Arthur who was running the factory. It would have been in the files that Mooney sent through to me. I hadn't opened them because I already knew all I wanted to know about the Halliday Belting Company.

BESIDE me the boy stiffened suddenly. "Look!" he said, an undertone of excitement in his voice.

Following his gaze, I stared forward and down into the depths. Far below I saw something move sluggishly, impossibly large, and felt a curious tingle of recognition. *A carp,* I thought.

And then of course, *my* carp.

There was a swirl in the water and the carp had gone. "What a monster!" I said. "I hooked him once when I was your age. I don't think he was as big then."

The boy pulled in his line. "I bet I catch him . . . one day."

His intensity made me smile. "What's your name?" I asked.

Just then a woman's voice called: "David!"

David groaned. "It's my mother," he muttered. I began to get to my feet. She came up, staring at me, an odd expression of shock on her face.

"Harry Armstrong!" she said. "I never thought you'd come back."

I knew her then. "Good Lord!" I said, my heart jolting suddenly. I reached out and took her hands. "I—I wouldn't have known you, Ellen."

She gave a nervous laugh. "I don't think I'd have known you, either, if we'd met in the street. It was the way you were sitting here. . . ."

"There's been a lot of water under that bridge since then." I let her hands go. "Do you still live at Mill House?"

"Yes—yes, still there. . . ."

WE were standing stiffly, self-consciously. David was watching us, sensing our embarrassment but not understanding it.

"Why have you come back?" she asked. "Are you staying in the village?"

"I'm staying at the Red Lion," I said, evading the first question. "At least, I expect they'll have a room . . . I see nobody's caught the old carp yet."

Ellen smiled. "David's been trying to catch it for the last three years," she said. "You ought to join forces."

"That's not a bad idea," I said. "I'll buy the tackle and watch David use it."

"The Compleat—very rich—Angler in action," Ellen said, and laughed, but there was an edge to her voice.

It was one of those remarks that are best left alone. After a moment she said: "I came to tell David his tea is ready. Would you like some?"

I hesitated. "I don't want to butt in," I said. "Your husband might not. . . ."

Her eyes widened. "I'm a widow, Harry."

"I'm sorry," I said.

She looked at me queerly. "You didn't know?"

"I'm afraid I'm very much out of touch with things here."

"Yes, but——" She broke off and turned away. "Come up to the house, anyway."

We went along the river bank in indian file. I was puzzled. I wondered why Ellen thought I should know the details of her life. I hadn't even heard of her marriage.

We had been great friends as children, despite the social gulf between us—the Halliday and French families were the village aristocracy—but after my mother's death I had gone to live with an aunt in Leeds. For five years we kept up a correspondence of a sort, and during that time she made three visits to Leeds.

On her last visit we had quarrelled fiercely because she was going to a dance with Arthur Halliday. She had walked away from me into Leeds City station—and my young pride had been too badly wounded for me to go after her. And gradually I had buried her memory.

From the outside, I thought, Mill House looked unchanged. Inside, however, I noticed a difference at once.

PERHAPS I was looking round too openly. As we sat down at the table I saw Ellen watching me with a kind of sardonic challenge in her eyes. "There are no servants here now," she said.

"Did you really mean what you said about buying tackle?" David asked.

"Of course I did," I replied. "First thing on Monday I'll drive in to Skipton."

"Oh, super!" he exclaimed. "Can I come with you?"

"Now, really David . . ." Ellen began. She had flushed.

"Don't you go to school?" I asked.

"I'm on holiday," he said happily.

I turned to Ellen. "You won't mind him coming, will you?"

"But you surely didn't come up here just to fish, Harry?"

There was something pointed about that. "Well, no," I said uneasily. "I didn't. But now I've seen that carp again I'm going to!"

After supper we chatted about nothing in particular, then I walked back to the pub, feeling strangely excited. It may not have worked for her—I didn't think it had because I was still feeling her occasional hostility—but for me, the evening had brought back old, adolescent emotions. I was beginning to feel slightly ashamed of myself. Looking back now, my boyhood did not seem so black. Certainly there had always been Ellen. . . .

On Monday morning I called for David immediately after breakfast. The drive to Skipton took us about an hour and a half. We found a sports goods shop and spent a pleasant hour choosing tackle. When we staggered out we were ready for anything. I let David unload the tackle at the bridge and took the car back to the Red Lion. They told me that a Mr. Mooney had been ringing from London. He wanted me to call him back.

Mooney, when I got through to him, sounded worried. "I'm afraid it's building trouble again, Mr. Armstrong," he said. "Apparently, the cement we were promised for Stuttgart won't be delivered till next month. Herr Renitz is *most* upset."

"The priorities went through all right, didn't they?" I asked.

"Yes. I thought it was all settled."

"There's nothing more we can do about it, then. Ring Renitz and tell him it's his pigeon. . . . By the way, how did you get hold of me? I didn't know myself where I would be staying."

"Oh, I rang the factory," Mooney said. "I thought I might catch you there. But Mrs. Halliday told me. . . ."

"Who?"

"The director, Mrs. Halliday. She said you were at the—ah—Red Lion. And so I——"

"Goodbye, Mooney," I said. I hung up. . . .

David was baiting his hook when I reached Mill Pond. I sat on the bank beside him.

"I'm going to try paste first," he said.

I grunted and began filling my pipe. I felt a bit dazed. He made a good, clean cast and the red float plopped gently into the water about sixteen feet away.

"What's your other name, David?"

"Halliday," he said.

Well, there it was. Ellen and Arthur, Kettley's blue blood. It would have seemed a natural match.

And Arthur Halliday was dead.

ANYWAY, it explained Ellen's vague hostility. She must have thought I was playing a very deep game, pretending not to know she ran the factory and was Arthur's widow.

The float dipped violently and David gave a sharp hiss of excitement. He struck rather too quickly, I thought, but it was all right. He started to reel in and then groaned with disgust as he lifted a jerking, two-inch minnow.

"You won't do much while the sun's on the water," I said. I was trying to visualize what Ellen's attitude would be towards me. And what was I going to do about the factory? If I went ahead and closed it down, Ellen would never speak to me again. Yet, from a business point of view, there was no other way; the Halliday company was of no value in my organization.

In that case, I thought, *to hell with*

THE FUR-LINED TRAP

Gamblers take a

Madam, would

by JOHN ADAMS

IT was all seductively set down in black and white—more than £7,000 profit in five years. All from cashing in on the breeding habits of six chinchillas.

There would be three lean years with profits at a mere £6 to £10 a week. But in the fourth year, 330 young would be born, netting £30 a week. In the fifth year, 730 young would bring £90 a week.

The brochure hesitated to forecast for the sixth year, but at a quick calculation you would make £200 a week. And £600 capital was enough to start this fortune.

Britain's amazing chinchilla boom is now three years old. It is a speculation based on the economics of rarity, for at the moment chinchilla furs *are actually scarcer than diamonds.*

The chinchilla skin in itself is highly attractive; it is the softest and lightest of all furs, weighing, length for length, no more than heavy silk.

But such a coat costs up to £25,000. The big gamble is this: will women fall for chinchilla. Can the moguls of fashion "sell" chinchilla to rich women?

First the chinchilla industry must do a paradoxical thing: make chinchilla much less scarce than it is today.

And it is this that has led to the boom in chinchilla breeding, and the more sinister boom within the boom—the get-rich-quick selling of live chinchillas to amateurs, gulling them into the belief that a few hundred pounds invested now can make them millionaires in a few years' time.

A good, mature chinchilla is now worth at least five times as much alive as dead. A male suitable for stock raising sells at £80-£125; a female from £55. And some dealers will sell a breeding pair for up to £350.

Not one coat

The best pelt likely to be produced in Britain for some time would sell at £18—if there were dozens of others to match it with; a run-of-the-mill pelt only £8; and many of the skins now being produced, less than ten shillings.

In spite of the boom, there are still fewer than 20,000 chinchillas in Britain, and ten times as many would be needed for the skins to find a market. The pelts available in 1960 will not be sufficient to

risk on your fickle choice . . .

and thousands get their fingers burned

you wear chinchilla?

make one coat of quality *matched* skins.

So the emphasis is still on breeding. And this is where the "suckers" are being taken in.

For the present price of live animals is artificially high. It is on this that unscrupulous salesmen base their glowing estimates of future profit.

If each female produces four young a year it is easy to imagine that owning a female means at least £200 in the bank every year—feeding costs are as low as a shilling a week for each animal.

The snag is that the ultimate value of a chinchilla is the price it will fetch as a pelt that furriers can use; and some pelts will fetch nothing at all.

The solid core of the two thousand-strong breeding industry in Britain, though dismayed by the disrepute which the get-rich-quick operators bring them, are optimistic. The number of "ranchers" is growing rapidly.

When all the chancers are eliminated —many to lick serious wounds—a businesslike residue will survive to market the huge numbers of animals needed to establish a reputable industry.

How certain is the belief that in the end—perhaps in five years—a rancher will get £8, or even 8s., for his pelt?

One breeder with wide experience of the fur trade told me optimistically: "The fur trade is short of a good fur. People want that *something different*. So long as there are wealthy people, the demand will continue."

But the fur production manager of London's main fur saleroom says: "Chinchilla is not everybody's fur.

"It is an old lady's fur—certainly not every woman can wear grey successfully. If there were a demand for chinchilla I should have three hundred good pelts flown from New York tomorrow."

There *is* money to be made in chinchilla. But putting your life savings in it is little different from putting them on a horse in the Grand National. END

Zsa Zsa Gabor looks lovely in chinchilla, but this fabulous light-as-silk fur has yet to make a fashion hit. If it does, many chinchilla breeders will make big profits; if not . . . ruin

business. There were more important things in life. Things that I had missed. . . .

Ellen arrived as David made a fresh cast. She put a picnic basket down.

"Mum, look at this rod," David said proudly. "Isn't it super?"

He grabbed a couple of sandwiches and went back to the bank. I looked at Ellen. She looked younger than ever.

"Did your Mr. Mooney manage to get you in the end?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, thank you," I said.

"He seemed surprised to find you weren't at the factory."

"All right, Ellen," I said, glad that it was in the open at last. "I suppose you've guessed that I came here with the intention of shutting the factory."

"Why?" she said. "Because of what happened to your father?"

"Partly," I said. "And partly because it's losing money. . . ."

"Not any more. We've turned the corner," Ellen said quickly.

I shrugged. "Never mind that now. I'd no idea you were running things."

"Well, who—— did you think Arthur was running it?"

For a moment I fancied there was a look almost of pleading in her eyes, as if she wanted me to deny it. But my hesitation was obvious.

"That *is* it, isn't it?" she said. "You came just to crow over my husband! Oh, Harry, to come back for that after all these years. . . . I'd never have thought you could be so vindictive!"

"You know how I felt about Arthur," I said quietly.

She shook her head slowly. "But you only knew him as a boy, Harry. You never met my husband. He was a good, kind man."

I smiled stiffly. "In that case, you're right—I never met him."

"No," she said. "You never knew him, Harry. And I've never known you, either. I thought you were a bigger man." I watched tears form in her eyes. "When people spoke about Harold Armstrong, the industrialist, I was proud of being able to say I knew you."

She walked rapidly away with an odd, jerky step and I watched her go, admiring her, loving her, and knowing that I was losing her all over again. But no man is that proud. . . .

I caught her up by the bridge and took her wrist. She fought me silently.

"Ellen, please!" I said. "Please listen to me! The last time you walked away from me like this I made the biggest mistake of my life—I let you go and you never came back!"

"I wasn't coming back this time, either!" she said. She smiled tremulously. "Let me go, Harry."

"Not until you listen to me."

"I—— all right. Promise."

I released her wrist. "Ellen, if I'd been the vindictive monster you imagine would I have taken David into Skipton this morning? If I was hellbent on revenge do you think I'd have taken time off for fishing? Do you?"

"I—I don't know, Harry." She looked at me doubtfully.

"You must believe me, Ellen," I said urgently. "You're right in thinking I came just to—well, to pay off old scores. But when I met you again I lost all interest in that. I'm telling the truth now. You must believe it."

And it was the truth, too. Since meeting her I'd hardly given a thought to the factory and Arthur Halliday. But I knew she wouldn't believe me.

Ellen was gazing out over the pond. Then she turned towards me and suddenly, quite unexpectedly, began to laugh. "Oh, Harry!" she said. "For Heaven's sake, take that anguished look off your face. I believe you!"

Then we were both laughing and I was holding her hands in mine.

A cry from David, unintelligible but fiercely exultant, made us turn. Beyond him I saw a white flurry of water.

"He's got it!" I shouted.

The battle between the fish and the boy seemed to last hours, although, in fact, I suppose it was all over in five minutes. David was tense and grim, oblivious of everything but the struggling fish. Finally, it was floating exhausted less than six feet away. David reeled in and I helped drag the monster out. His scales glistened in the sun and there wasn't a flicker of fight left. I knelt to take the barb out. The carp's tail flapped feebly.

"I *knew* I could catch him!" David said excitedly. His face was full of pride. "Gummy, he's big, isn't he?"

"Yes—he must go about twenty pounds," I said. But somehow it looked smaller than it had in the water.

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked. "Have him stuffed?"

The triumph left his face. "It won't be the same now, will it?"

He was right, I thought. Mill Pond without its big carp wouldn't be the same. But it was his fish; his decision.

"Would it be all right to—to put him back, sir?" David said quietly.

I nodded. "Of course it would."

"Why, Harry!" Ellen smiled, one eyelid drooping wickedly. "Don't you want him for the wall of your office?"

"No, I don't. He wouldn't fit the décor," I said. "Besides, I'd rather think of him here, where I can come and look for him every now and again."

She opened her eyes very wide. "Oh—do you expect to be back again?"

"Yes," I said. "I expect to be coming back a lot, Ellen. After all, I have a factory here and—other interests."

I was still smiling as I returned the big fish to his little pond. Then, with Ellen's hand in mine and an arm on David's shoulder, I walked up to the Mill House between them. END

© *William Hood, 1960*

THE BURNING EYE

1960's most dramatic thriller—by VICTOR CANNING

SHOWDOWN AT SUGULLI

THE scream, brief and agonizing, was cut off with shocking abruptness. "In God's name, what was that?" Royce whispered. "It's from the house," Wellard said, staring down the hill. And from the house a high-reaching tongue of flame licked up into the night. . . .

A moment earlier the two men had been facing each other in enmity. Johnny Royce was wanted back in England on charges of fraud—and Christopher Wellard, a ship's doctor, intended to hand him over to the authorities in Aden.

Both men belonged to a small party of survivors from the sunken Cambria. They had come ashore at the tiny disused port of Sugulli on the ex-Italian Somaliland coast . . . cabaret artist Lily Pincott, a young heiress, Juliet Barclay, the Rev. Henry Blaikie, a painter named Howard Fisher, and one seaman from the ship's crew, Edward Harkness.

There was no radio or telephone link with the outside world at Sugulli. Dracopoli, the local Italian official, decided to send an *askari* to the next port—over a hundred miles away. Harmer, an American who had been carrying out a survey for an important oil company, dispatched a report by the same askari.

The *askari* did not go far before he was stopped by Sultan Ali Yacquibi's men. This was not unusual. The Sultan liked to see Dracopoli's dispatches. . . . But this time the Sultan also saw Harmer's message. He had found oil in Somalia. Ali Yacquibi knew that the discovery of oil would delay his country's independence. He sent his brother, Sheik Jibarti, and two warriors to kill the *askari*. And then he made other arrangements. . . .

Harmer lived with his Somali wife and their child in a house outside Sugulli. He had a jeep. And it was the jeep which drew Royce to the house that night. It offered the chance to escape. Royce was moving stealthily towards it when Wellard, who had followed him from Sugulli, stepped out of the trees. And then they heard the scream. . . .

As Wellard and Royce plunged across the sand dunes they saw that the wooden house was blazing fiercely. Wellard was in the lead as they burst through the smoke-filled hall into the bedroom at the back. It contained a large brass bedstead on which lay Harmer and his wife—a silk cover pulled back from their bodies. . . .

Wellard had rescued a child—

and found the key to a secret that would

cost them all their lives

One moment they were talking. The next, with a sudden, urgent movement, Juliet was in his arms

PART TWO

WELLARD went over to them. But even as he moved he knew there was nothing he could do. Harmer lay on his back, a short-handled *waran* sticking from his chest, his left hand holding Eile's hand. Her throat had been cut.

Royce grabbed Wellard's shoulder. "Come on. There's nothing we can do. This place is going up like tinder."

Wellard swung round. "Wait for me by the jeep," he said. "The child's on the roof. She may be all right."

He turned back from Royce and, wrapping Harmer's trousers round his head, ran up the steps two at a time and out on to the roof. Flames were sweeping over the back of the house.

The bed was on the lagoon side of the roof. Maria was awake and sat up as he ran across to it. She was frightened and naked except for a small vest.

"All right, love." He picked her off the bed and stood her up, swathing her in the trousers and ran to the far parapet of the roof overlooking the yard. He leaned over, lowering the child.

"Okay," Royce called.

Wellard let the girl go and saw Royce catch her. Then he put a leg over the parapet, swung himself to the ground and ran for the trees.

ROYCE went towards the jeep. "This is the quickest way out. Give me the key."

Wellard sat at his side holding the child and Royce drove the jeep quickly out of the yard. The house was now a mass of flames.

"Well," said Royce grimly, "I finally got my ride in this thing. And if you hadn't turned up to delay me, I might have walked straight in on that party. And got the same treatment."

NEXT morning it was pouring with rain. As Wellard walked along the corridor to Juliet's room, he could hear it drumming on the roof. Maria had been put in with Juliet.

Juliet was dressed. The child was still in bed, a tray in front of her.

"How is she?" Wellard asked.

"She didn't sleep much. But she's enjoying her breakfast."

Maria looked across at him, smiled and then said something in Somali.

Juliet said: "What's going to happen to her?"

"I don't know. I'll get Dracopoli across to talk to her. In the meantime she'd better stay here. Okay?"

"Of course." She came with him to the door. "It must have been terrible."

"It wasn't too good."

She stood there with the door pulled back so that they were hidden from the child in the room. Then, suddenly, she was in his arms.

Maria called, and he released Juliet gently.

He went down to breakfast. Blaikie, Fisher and Lily were there, but no Royce. Harkness served them.

AFTER he had eaten, Wellard went across to Dracopoli's quarters, the rain beating down on his umbrella. He found the Italian looking better.

Wellard sat down and lit a cigarette. "You've been up there?"

"Yes. Nothing left that you could recognize."

Wellard frowned. "Is there no chance of catching whoever did it?"

Dracopoli stood up. "There is only

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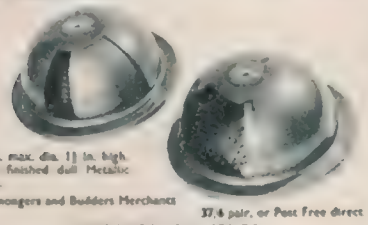

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The burning eye

continued from previous page

one man who can help and that is the Sultan Ali Yacquibi. If he sends out the word that he wants the murderers, then they will be brought in. That is why you and I are going to see him."

They drove around the lagoon to Libah. It consisted of two or three Arab-type houses standing in a long sandy bowl that sloped down to the edge of the water.

The Sultan's house stood some yards back from the lagoon edge. Two Somali warriors squatted at the low doorway. Dracopoli spoke to one of the men and he led them up on to the roof. Ali Yacquibi was sitting under an awning, the Khalifa beside him.

DRACOPOLI saluted the Sultan and as Ali Yacquibi waved to mats spread for them to sit on, Dracopoli went on, in English: "This is Doctor Wellard from the ship."

"He is welcome here," said the Sultan. "I have heard the trouble."

"There is another misfortune, too," said Dracopoli.

"I have heard of that also."

"The doctor saved the *bambina*."

The Sultan smiled. "The child is not a Somali—so she is nothing to me. You have come to ask why this was done and for the ones who are responsible?"

"Yes."

"To the first question you know the answer. I have spoken to you before about it. The woman was of good family from one of the Saleban *rers*. Does a Somali woman marry a *sab*, a Midgan, a Tumal, and her brothers do nothing? Only recently I spoke to the American. I told him to send her back or to take her away. . . ."

Dracopoli said firmly: "If her brothers have done this thing, they must be brought to me."

The Sultan looked over Dracopoli's head. "They were fifty miles away when this happened. Not even I can find out who did it."

"Where are Omar and Awan?" asked Dracopoli.

"With their people out there. . . ." The Sultan half turned and waved a hand towards the tents. "But they did not do it. I gave them permission to serve the American. They would not harm him."

Dracopoli stood up, muttered something in farewell, and moved away across the roof with Wellard.

Driving back in the jeep, Wellard said: "This thing doesn't fit together."

"Why not?"

"Because of Eile. She was in love with Harmer. If she'd had just one idea that being with Harmer would have brought him into danger, she'd have left. And why, after five or six years of marriage, do her brothers suddenly feel that they have to act?"

Dracopoli looked at him. "What is it you have in your mind?"

"Oil. If he'd discovered oil, he wouldn't tell anyone. The first people to know would be his company."

"Go on, *Dottore*."

"But if the Sultan knew he'd discovered it—and he could, through Omar and Awan—he'd have him murdered to keep the secret until the Trusteeship ended."

THE Italian smiled. "You forget one thing. Harmer brought me his last report. If he had discovered oil, the news would be in that. It is on its way to Kandala with my despatches. Ali Yacquibi would have murdered him for nothing."

"Unless the Sultan has done something about the report," Wellard said grimly.

The next morning after his surgery Wellard was in his room when Yousseff knocked on the door.

"*Dottore* . . . have special case for you. You come now?"

"Come where?"

"Only one hour from here, *Dottore*. Very sick *amico*. . . . You ride mule."

"We'll borrow the jeep."

Yousseff shook his head. "No. *Temente* Dracopoli gone off in jeep."

"All right. The mule it is."

They went west along the coast, Yousseff holding the rein by its slack and trotting alongside the mule. They followed a track across deep sand dunes, which gave way to a long gully, flanked by tamarisks and euphorbias. In the wall of the gully was a hut. Inside it was a small, wiry old man wearing only a loin cloth.

A SECOND man was lying on the ground, on a litter of dried seaweed. He was tightly cocooned in a blanket. Wellard bent down by him and put his hand on the man's forehead. The skin was hot and dry. He took away the blanket. A wad of rags was spread across the man's chest. They were stiff with dried blood. There were deep wounds in the man's body.

"How did he get these?"

"By spear," said Yousseff. "Attacked by bad men. Throw him in lagoon, but this man find him when cutting reed."

"He should be dead. . . ." Wellard gave the man an injection and cleaned the wounds, then came out of the hut and washed his hands. Through Yousseff he told the old man what he wanted done. He would get Dracopoli to send someone out to look after the man, and they would have to move him as soon as they could.

When he had finished giving his instructions, he said to Yousseff: "Why was he attacked?"

"Robbed, *Dottore*."

"What had he got that anyone would want? Who is he?"

"Is Fagih, *Dottore*."

"Fagih?" Wellard felt the shock hit

THE LESLIE STOKES CROSSWORD (No. 14)

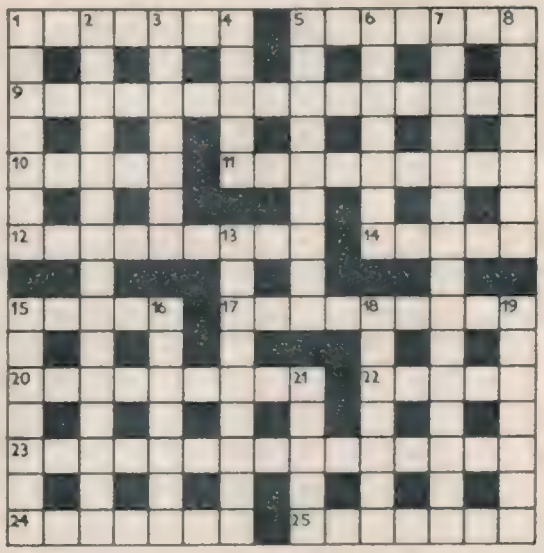
Prizes of one-guinea Book Tokens will be given for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 14" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, February 16. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.

ACROSS

1. It's somehow great at Henley. (7)
5. Engaged on tick in a pools firm, perchance. (7)
9. Involving some clot in the West country. That's rich! (10, 5)
10. The French and the English jointly make a machine. (5)
11. On the cob, yes; on the foot, no. (5, 4)
12. Dust rises to spoil this formal wear. (5-4)
14. The author's the enemy to Sambo. (5)
15. As signified, stingy fits to a T. (5)
17. Whish! Rope gets twisted in a lash-up. (9)
20. A jar for the old man. (9)
22. He's got the message—and out! (5)
23. This is where the C.I.D. comes in. (3, 8, 4)
24. No one in particular, but of interest to Burke and Hare. (7)
25. The goddess, from one point, is half-sister to me. (7)

DOWN

1. Blackmore's "girt Jan" was in the van—full of holes! (7)
2. To do this obviously lets the side down. (4, 3, 4, 4)
3. Commonly coined by leather workers? (7)
4. As hot as d'Artagnan's companion. (5)
5. Sharer in a famous oyster feast. (9)
6. Stirred emotionally. (7)
7. Notice designed to prevent the wearing of the green. (4, 3, 3, 5)
8. Found by Cora in her entanglements with men. (7)
13. United Nations are all right perhaps, but otherwise the reverse. (9)
15. Colour of a little man embraced by Mother. (7)
16. Produced by small company a navigator turned over. (7)
18. Dignity which may upset a lad more. (7)
19. Spare roughly about a penny for these shows. (7)
21. No heel-taps seems to be the command. (5)



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 12

ACROSS: 1, *Nobody's business.* 9, *Mugwump.* 10, *Cocaine.* 11, *Dated.* 12, *Agreement.* 13, *Celia.* 15, *Brass band.* 17, *Clergyman.* 18, *Sorts.* 20, *Battle-axe.* 23, *Towed.* 24, *Replant.* 25, *Subsoil.* 26, *Ticket-collector.*
DOWN: 1, *Nomadic.* 2, *Bagatelle.* 3, *Druid.* 4, *Sepia.* 5, *Uncertain.* 6, *Increases.* 7, *Elite.* 8, *Sweated.* 14, *Angel cake.* 15, *Bombastic.* 16, *Arrowroot.* 17, *Cabaret.* 19, *Saddler.* 21, *Topic.* 22, *Easel.* 23, *Table.*

WINNERS OF CROSSWORD NO. 10

Miss Patricia Clarke, 10 Belmont Gardens, Donnybrook, Dublin.
Mr. David Magee, 45 Thorncliffe Road, Gt. Barr, Birmingham 22A
Mr. B. Drinkall, 51 Eastwood Road, Boston, Lincs.

Helping Hands

"Didn't want to spoil your nap, so I brought the washing in out of the rain for you"

him. "Do you mean the messenger?"

"Yes, mister. Fagih."

"What happened to his dispatches?"

"All gone. Robbers take them."

"I see." Wellard remembered Dracopoli talking about Harmer. . . .

"When we get back," Wellard said, "you keep your mouth shut. No one is to know about Fagih except *Tenente* Dracopoli. You understand?"

"*Certo, signore Dottore. Certo. . . .*"

DRACOPOLI took the news with far less surprise than Wellard had anticipated. "One learns not to be surprised in this country," he said.

Wellard stirred impatiently. "But something's got to be done."

"Of course. But we must be careful. First there is your party. No message has gone through. So I shall send another. Keep this from the others?"

"And Harmer and the oil business?"

"I think that he had discovered oil. His letter told about it. Now the letter has gone. The Sultan will have destroyed it. When you leave here, I shall go down to Kandala with you and report to my *capitano*."

"And Fagih?"

"He has a woman here. I will send her out to look after him."

"And if the Sultan finds out he's still alive?'

"He would have him killed. But I think he will not find out."

"I see . . ." Wellard leaned back in his chair, trying to sort out the various lines in this problem. Only he and Dracopoli knew the full truth. A mistake would put them all in danger.

"You are not happy, *Dottore*?"

"No. It's this second messenger I don't like—telling about us. Surely the Sultan, if he's so thorough, will be keeping tabs on you?"

Dracopoli smiled. "I am sending another report, anyway, about Harmer's murder. I shall mention that the Cambria party is getting impatient. It will look natural."

"This messenger will go off tomorrow?"

"No."

"Why not?" Wellard frowned.

THE Italian said: "The day after tomorrow is the festival. There is not a person in Sugulli who would miss Au Hiltir. To insist on sending a man away so that he missed the festival would proclaim the message as urgent."

Dracopoli went on: "So long as you and I keep our mouths shut, there is no danger. Be patient."

It was late when Wellard left him. As he went on to the *albergo* terrace, he saw two cigarette ends gleaming.

Lily's voice said softly: "Hallo, sonny boy. Can't you sleep either?"

She and Howard Fisher were sitting on the wall. He went over.

"Have a cigarette," said Fisher.

As he lit it, Lily said: "How much longer do you think we'll stay here?"

Wellard shrugged. "It's anyone's guess. You in a hurry to get away?"

Fisher laughed. "There's no future as a dove dancer in Sugulli."

Lily leaned back. "I don't want that kind of future. I'm tired of living from a suitcase."

Wellard tried to be normal with Juliet during surgery. To show her nothing. Afterwards he made an excuse for not going back to the *albergo* and walked along the lagoon.

He sat on the sand, brooding over their position. He was worried, also, about his relationship with Juliet. It was something that should never have started. Now he was in love with her.

After a time he got up and went back towards the *albergo*. Juliet didn't see any real bar to their love . . . didn't give a damn for his pride, didn't believe for a moment that her money could make any difference.

Money. Suddenly it had become very important. With enough to buy a shore practice on his own he felt he could go back to Juliet. But how to get it?

He had reached the clump of trees overlooking the remains of Harmer's house. . . . Suddenly he felt a surge of excitement. It was all there waiting for him. Right under his nose. All he had to do was keep his mouth shut for a while.

He looked back at the wreckage of the

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The burning eye

continued from previous page

house, remembering the little safe at the side of Harmer's desk. The safe had been clamped to the floorboards. There was no cellar in the house so the safe would have sat there through the fire and the burning wreckage would have collapsed on it and buried it. Harmer would have kept a copy of his report. And back at the *albergo* Maria was playing with her father's keys—including the keys of the safe. . . .

All he had to do was to take Harmer's report from the safe and keep it to himself until they were out of Sugulli. The oil company would pay for that information. Enough to buy a practice.

He went up to the house, picking his way through the remains. He knew where the safe should be. But looking at the ground he saw at once that he was too late. There was a crater-shaped hole in the debris.

He swore to himself, easing the disappointment in him. He was sure that the only key must still be with Maria. To open the safe without a key would be a big operation.

He stood there, wondering who could have taken the safe. The answer wasn't difficult. Sultan Ali Yacquibi. He knew what was in it. His only concern would be to get rid of it. . . .

His eyes followed marks in the black ash away towards the sand that sloped gently down to the reeds.

He followed them. The reeds stood six feet high at the water's edge, running out twenty feet before meeting the open water. Clear through them were the signs of the men's passage.

He guessed that standing there, shoulder deep, the men had just heaved the safe out. . . .

It was there. All that was needed was a rope and a boat and darkness. . . .

It was gone ten that evening before he could get away from the others.

He stood now on the flat roof of the *albergo*, hearing the laughter and talk coming up from the terrace. He went across to the far side of the roof, skirting the water tanks. Maria was asleep. He had to make sure she hadn't got the keys with her still as a plaything. If they weren't here, they would be in Juliet's room.

Wellard made a thorough search. The keys were not there.

He flicked off his lighter and went quietly down the stairs and into Juliet's room. There was the fragrance of her scent. He looked over the table she used for make-up. He pulled open its drawers and went through them without disturbing anything. Not there. He saw something glint close to the wall at the head of Juliet's bed. He dropped the keys into his pocket.

He turned and began to feel his way towards the foot of the bed. As he did so Juliet came into the room.

His hand gripped tightly at the brass end rail of the bed. The sound of her movement stopped abruptly and he sensed that she was standing only a few feet from him, listening. Not wanting her to be frightened he said gently: "It's me, Chris."

He heard her breath break for a second and then ease. "Chris . . ." she whispered. "You made me jump."

"It's all right. I'll fix the lamp."

Her hand came out and found his arm. "Not yet. I couldn't stand it down there without you. . . . I came up just now and went along to your room. But you weren't there."

Her lips came up to his. . . .

Behind Dracopoli's courtyard there was a small patch of garden protected by a palisade of bamboos. In a cut in the reeds below the edge of the garden was Dracopoli's boat. Wellard pulled out one of the lengths of bamboo from the palisade. It was about twelve feet long. He carried it down to the boat in which lay a length of rope that he had put there earlier in the evening.

He pushed off and let the boat drift for a while before using his paddle. There was a big fire on the reed island away to his left and smaller fires on the seaward side of the lagoon. It was almost midnight, and the Sugulli people, gathering in their reed boats, made their preparations for the festival of Au Hiltir.

After a while he came to the bank close to Harmer's place.

Somewhere, behind him to the north, a drum began to beat, and then he heard the sound of rain striking at the lagoon.

Wellard brought the boat inshore, passed the little cut in the reeds which led to the beach below the house, and then let the boat move on under its own way. He waited for a while, listening. Then he took the bamboo pole and stood up. Making as little noise as possible, he began to probe on the mud bottom of the lagoon. The pole struck something hard.

There was no doubt in his mind . . . the safe was sitting below him, half sunk in the mud. He rammed the pole into the mud alongside, fixed his rope to the bows, gave it a half turn round the pole and dropped the free end overboard.

He stripped off his clothes and eased himself over the side. The water was warm. *Au Hiltir*, he thought, *keep your little friends away*. He dived, and found the safe.

He came up, sucking in air and went down again and got a loop of rope under the safe. Two more dives saw the rope securely about the safe.

He wiped himself with his underpants before he dressed. Then he took the strain on the rope. For a moment the mud held the safe. Then it came up with less drag than he had imagined and he hauled in until the safe hung on two feet of rope.

He fastened the rope to the low paddling thwart and then began to move the boat until its nose ran on to the beach.

Moments later he had the safe in the bottom of the boat and was fitting the key into the lock. The door came open

Ali Yacquibi looked across the table at Wellard. You know you must die?" he said

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COMING SOON

with a quiet little suck of air. Putting his hand inside he felt papers and envelopes, dry and secure.

He knew it would be a needless risk to strike a light. He stuffed two long envelopes and a folded sheaf of quarto sheets into his inner pocket. Methodically he cleared the safe.

All he had to do now was to sink the safe and go back to the *albergo*.

He gave two strong strokes to get momentum on the boat and then rested as it slid past the reeds and into the open water. As he came free of the reeds, the darkness of the night on either side of him became thicker.

He had no time for action. From either side of him out of the night a reed boat closed in silently and he felt the even pressure of spear blades against his back.

THERE were two Somali warriors squatting at the door which led down from the roof of the Sultan's palace. Two petrol-lamps hissed gently in niches set in the parapet wall from which the long, saffron-coloured awning was spread. Wellard stood in the rain before the awning and the Sultan, Ali Yacquibi, sat cross-legged behind a small table. On it was all the stuff which had been taken from Wellard's pockets. Jibarti and the Khalifa were with the Sultan.

The Sultan looked down at the papers. "You know you must die?"

"If Allah wills it." There was a hard humour in Wellard's tone.

"Nothing is more certain. It is now past midnight and Au Hiltir's day, so you have little time. I cannot profane Au Hiltir's day with death."

Wellard said nothing.

The Sultan smiled. "You would like a drink? Whisky, I mean."

"I would."

"I have it always. Many people visit me who are not of my religion." He turned his head and one of the men at the roof door went down into the house. To Wellard the Sultan said: "You may stand under the awning there."

Wellard moved, feeling his feet wet and his socks soggy within his shoes. Jibarti half turned to keep him in view across the Sultan's head. Beyond the Khalifa was a pile of mats. He had heard from Dracopoli that the Sultan always slept up here.

ALI YACQUIBI said: "Tell me, why did you want these?" He put his hands on the papers on the table. "For money?"

"What difference does it make?"

"None. Tomorrow your body will be floating in the lake and the crocodiles will take it, and the others."

"The others!"

"But of course. Why should I kill you and let the others go?"

"But they know nothing about this!" Juliet, Maria, Lily. . . . God, he couldn't mean this!

"You expect me to believe that?" Ali Yacquibi said: "That you have said nothing." The Sultan's lips thinned to a cold smile. "There is no difficulty. No message has ever reached Kandala. Your people will be presumed to have been lost in the ship."

"But you can't do this. They know nothing! I give you my word."

"And expect me to take it? To balance what could be a lie against all my hopes for this country."

Wellard stood there, possessed by an agony of mind at the thought of the horror which had sprung from his determination to make money. . . . *He* had condemned the others to death.

The roof door opened and the Somali returned with a woman carrying a small brass tray. On it was a bottle of whisky and a Venetian glass.

Wellard watched as the Sultan poured the liquid into the glass, then handed it to the woman and said: "You will stay there and she will bring it to you."

The woman came across to him, holding out the glass. He took it and said harshly: "Here's hoping nothing goes right for you."

HE flung the glass at Jibarti's face. It struck him on the cheek and Jibarti stumbled backwards. Wellard whipped round and kicked at the foot of the awning pole behind him.

As the corner of the awning dropped towards him he jumped clear of it, turning towards Jibarti. The Somali had crashed into the awning pole on that side. The whole front part of the canopy collapsed over the Sultan and the Khalifa.

The two Somalis by the door sprang to their feet, shouting, and one of them threw his *waran*. Wellard ducked, grabbed the sheaf of papers and raced for the parapet on the lake side.

He swung himself over the parapet and dropped. The ground was about fifteen feet below and he hit it awkwardly. Next moment he was racing for the lake edge, cramming the papers into his pocket as he ran.

Behind him now he heard shouts and cries and then, closer, the pad of feet on the wet earth. In the rain-filled darkness ahead he saw the beach and the bulky shapes of two or three reed boats drawn up half-way from the water. He headed for the nearest and ran it out.

He threw himself into the boat and bent to the paddle, making the water cream and hiss from it, and he went on paddling furiously, driving the boat out into the lagoon.

Dracopoli dressed while Wellard talked. And as Wellard talked the full weight of the disaster he had drawn on

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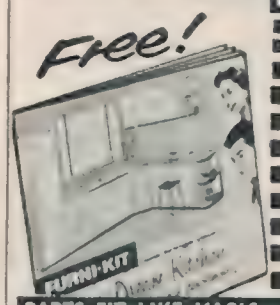

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The burning eye

continued from previous page

everyone in the *albergo* came hammering home at him. He felt physically shaken with disgust for himself.

"And that's it," he finished, speaking savagely. "I wanted money and I went after it. I didn't think for one moment of anyone else. And now——"

"All right, *dottore*." Dracopoli's face was grim. "Let us get this thing out of the way. You have done something which, except for a miracle, will mean my death. That is your punishment. Now let us do what we can. It seems to you that he will do nothing until after Au Hiltir?"

"Yes."

"That is reasonable. His people would not like it otherwise." Dracopoli held out a bunch of keys to him. "At the back of my bedroom is the armoury. Unlock it and get out the machine-gun, and all the carbines and the ammunition. Then back my jeep against the *albergo* wall. Switch the lights on to cover the causeway."

HE turned and hurried through into the corridor. Wellard went into the alcove and began to carry out the supply of arms and ammunition. When he had finished he went out and started up the jeep and backed it against the *albergo* wall. He switched on the lights.

Fisher came out of his room in pyjamas. "What the hell?"

Dracopoli said: "Signore, please wake all the others and get them into the room downstairs."

"But what the——"

"Later!" Dracopoli snapped.

Wellard went round the *albergo* closing all the shutters. Then he went down to the room where they were all listening to Dracopoli as he explained the facts of Harmer's death.

"All our lives are in danger. The Sultan will do nothing until Au Hiltir's day is over. After that . . . we have a little ammunition, food and water . . . we can resist for a while. But only a miracle can save us. . . ."

WELLARD saw Royce light a cigarette, blow a cloud of smoke above his head and then say questioningly: "So we're all for the high jump? Well. . . ." Then looking at Wellard: "What I'd really like to know is why you did it?"

Wellard stepped forward from the door. "I did it," he said, "because I was going to sell the report to the oil company. I wanted money."

Out of the shadows he saw Juliet's face, staring at him, and then he saw her lower her head. Then Fisher sprang forward. Dracopoli caught his arm and held him. But Fisher shouted: "You're a bloody murderer!"

"Howard!" Lily ran to him and held on to him. "Stop it! Stop it!"

"Why should I? It's true!"

Wellard moved forward a little. "He's right," he said savagely.

Blaikie, his voice serious, said: "This kind of talk doesn't help us."

Dracopoli said: "That is so. We must now think of what to do."

Royce chimed in. "I agree shouting our heads off won't help. But I want to know why he had to have money? I'm curious."

Wellard said harshly: "If you must know——"

"Chris!" Juliet turned towards Royce. "He wanted money for me."

"For you? You've got stacks."

"That's the trouble. He wouldn't marry me without anything. He had to have something——"

"Juliet." Wellard put his arm around her, holding her to him. Over her head he said coldly: "Now your damned question's answered, I suggest we get down to the real problem."

"Sorry, old man. . . ." Royce said.

Dracopoli said: "Now it is necessary to be organized."

THE Italian detailed the plans he had made, and as Dracopoli talked there came a shout from Yousseff, who had been left on the roof with Harkness.

Dracopoli swung round and started rapidly for the stairs, and Wellard followed him. When they got on to the roof, Yousseff pointed out to the lagoon. Dimly seen about a hundred yards off the *albergo* was the loom of five or six reed boats, spread out in a rough crescent shape.

Dracopoli turned from them and walked to where the machine-gun had been posted overlooking the causeway. The sand dunes at the far end held pools of shadow.

"They will be there, too," he said. "We must stay at our posts."

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NEXT WEEK: Wellard gambles his life on one desperate chance

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

"And here's that article on how to repair broken sash cords"

When a career girl says…

I didn't marry you for LOVE

by Dr. Harry Tashman

EVE was a troubled young woman, longing to be a great actress. But when she decided that marriage to a key man in show business would solve her problems, she made a big mistake.

For Eve—that is not her real name—married to achieve purely personal goals. And her miscalculations finally brought her to my office.

She had been married for two years. Lloyd, her husband, was a star cameraman. They met when she was twenty-three, at a party.

"Despite his shock of black hair and his thick glasses, I was interested in him," she told me. "Everybody at the party knew him and congratulated him on his thirty-fifth birthday and recent divorce. He asked me to drink with him.

" 'Here's to my freedom, never mind my old age, baby' he said. 'I've got what it takes. What I could do for you with my camera!'

"I didn't mind it when he put his arm around me. It gave me a feeling of being in the limelight. He introduced me to actors, directors, producers, and said: 'Cute, isn't she!! You should see her in one of her parts."

Her big chance

Meeting Lloyd was the most promising opportunity to come Eve's way.

He assured her that she had the makings of a great actress. If he had anything to do with it, he would see that she would "get places."

Then Lloyd would add with a laugh, "And when you get there, I'm retiring."

Soon they agreed that they were right for each other and were married. Eve moved into Lloyd's flat. Shortly afterwards, a peculiar thought began popping into her head: "Nothing is mine; everything belongs to him. I haven't got anything."

The thought persisted, though she tried to shut it out of her mind. She became apprehensive and tense, especially when Lloyd was due home. Her evenings became more and more boring as he boasted about his work and what people had said about him.

"How is it you never tell me how terrific I am, like the others do?" he joked one time.

"I'd admit you were terrific if you got me a part in a picture," she told him.

"Look," he said testily, "I don't give out

THEIR VIEWS COUNT

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STANDARD TRIUMPH

I didn't marry you for love

continued from previous page

the parts; I'm the cameraman. Besides, I don't see you doing anything for yourself. Not that I want you to work. You're my wife. You don't have to work if you don't want to."

It was then, Eve told me, that she had a thought she could not express to him. It was: *I didn't marry you to be your wife; I married you to be an actress.*

She began to wonder why all the people she had met since she was married—directors, producers, casting men, agents—scarcely ever called her for a part.

Eve also noticed that any time she spoke to a man at a party, Lloyd would appear and remark, "I see you are after my wife again."

Eve could tell that the tone of these "jests" made men keep away from her.

She realized that Lloyd only took her with him to show her off, not for her benefit but for his own. But he kept giving her pointers on how to get on in show business.

"You have to keep plugging . . . to be seen with the right people. . . . You must do it by yourself . . . keep in touch with the agency."

"But I have a home to take care of," she told him. "I have no maid, and I have to entertain your friends. You were to make connections for me."

"Is that why you married me?" he asked angrily.

"You said you would put me on the screen," she reminded him.

Eve feels trapped

"I said something about what I could do for you with my camera," he corrected her. "Somebody has to put you in front of my camera. I can't do it all."

Eve had another thought she did not dare express. He had said that when she became a star he would retire. It dawned on her that he had no desire for this to happen; in fact, he really didn't want to do *anything* for her.

She came to see that while he was promising to help her career, he was doing all he could to obstruct it.

She felt trapped. She wanted to shriek her hatred out to him but could not. Then she began to wheeze with asthma as she did when a child, when her mother had forbidden her to cry.

Eve's asthma was troublesome to Lloyd, but not enough to cause him sympathetic concern. She told him frankly that the attacks never took place when he was away from home.

Lloyd must have had an unconscious guilty feeling that he was the cause of her illness, for it showed itself in angry impatience and irritability towards her.

Eve confessed to me that she got some satisfaction from her sickness. It was an excuse for not having to cook and serve dinner, or be a wife to Lloyd in any sense.

She admitted that love never meant much to her, but she liked being admired and getting attention. Lloyd thought she had cheated him—and said so early in their marriage.

Insulted wife

Eve, however, did not seem to feel the mortification that would be expected at such an insult.

The following morning Lloyd went off to the studio as usual. Eve looked around the flat with distaste. "What am I supposed to do?" she thought.

When Lloyd returned, he was surprised—and angry—to find that she had not cooked a dinner.

Next day Eve had dinner ready, and as time went on she became a proficient housekeeper. She hoped that if she did this for him, he would help her to get the break she was looking for. But there was no such result.

Her days were drab; the rôle of wife bored her. She thought that if she had a child, she would be more important to him and that her life would take on some meaning, but Lloyd did not want children.

He baffled her by insisting that a child would end her youthful charm. He also took her to fewer parties.

A year after they were married, Eve started to make the rounds on her own, but she realized in a panic that she had lost a good deal of her attractiveness.

One day she got a call from a casting director: "Why aren't you here?" He told her that a definite appointment had been made with Lloyd for her to try for an important part.

Her fury mounted as she waited for Lloyd to come home. When he arrived and offered his usual perfunctory kiss, she pushed him away, shrieking and accusing him of cheating her out of the only thing she ever wanted in her life.

His excuse was that he forgot.

Stole her chances

Eve raged on. How many other opportunities had he robbed her of? She desperately wanted to leave him. But without money she lacked her former courage to go out on her own. And now she was sick with asthma.

Eve's most incapacitating feelings were her consuming bitterness, resentment and hatred of her husband. She felt that he had defrauded her and made her his foil.

As long as she could not see that they were two of a kind, that she was as responsible as he in this loveless marriage, I could not help her.

Eve had to learn certain facts about human nature. One of these is that a character trait can be overdeveloped only at the expense of other characteristics. When a person is too calculating—as Lloyd was—he may well lack warmth, sympathy and altruism, and thus may be unable to love.

But Lloyd was no more cold and calculating than was Eve. She had to face the unpleasant truth that she was out to use him just as much as Lloyd was out to use her.

Marriage *can* help a man or woman towards success. The more a wife gets out of her husband, "the more power to her" and "the more power to him."

But the way in which Eve had made an enterprise of her marriage could not possibly lead to happiness.

She was like the child who wants her mother to make security for her, rather than achieve success by her own efforts.

Seeking approval

Actors, actresses and models who are neurotic are usually exhibitionists, whose basic drive is to get approval and applause from the audience. They seek the love they never got from a mother who in their infancy deprived them of this maturing and reassuring devotion.

Both Eve and Lloyd, who was a frustrated actor at heart, sought a mother figure. Both were incapable of mature love.

My goal, therefore, was clear. Eve had to admit her own motives. She had to see that Lloyd actually revolted her and that the only reason she was able to overlook his physical shortcomings was that in her calculations he was the vehicle that could carry her to the realization of her dream—to be a successful actress.

When she realized it was useless to look to Lloyd for what he did not have within himself to give her, she saw that she was the victim, not of his calculations, but of her own longing to be dependent. She stopped blaming and hating him, and consequently her asthma cleared up.

Soon after her interview with me, events made it tragically possible for Eve to make a new start in life: Lloyd was killed in a road accident. Eve found it easier and much more satisfying when she had to take care of herself.

She now had confidence that she would some day enter into a marriage based on mutual attraction, love and devotion, and be fulfilled by having children.

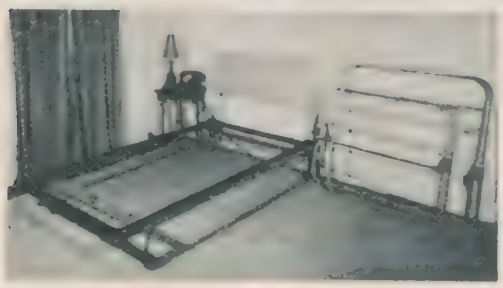
© 1959 by The Laymen's Institute for Psychoanalytic Enlightenment, Inc.

Good as new

Here's how to bring old furniture right up to date, says ROGER SMITHELLS

Utility bed into divan

This wartime utility bed has been hiding its hospital-looks in a spare room, where it is seldom seen. Now, using a Bryant Bedframe, I have converted it into a presentable divan, fit to use anywhere. Here I am unpacking the parts of the kit



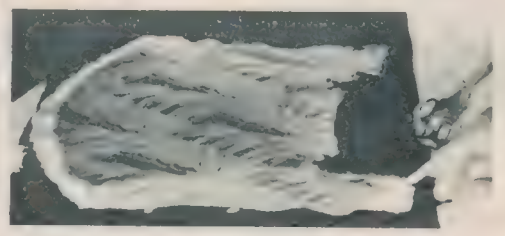
The side pieces unfold, and hinged cross-arms bolt together at the centre. The kit is adjustable for any width of bed. Castors slip into place. The new headboard bolts on

The old bed-base —either box-spring or open-spring— fits into the angle-irons at the side. With a fitted cover, the bed looks new. Kit, price 78s. 9d., from Charles Bryant & Sons, Bryant Street, Birmingham 18

Wallpaper table-top

Any old table will make a pretty dressing table, topped with a left-over piece of wallpaper. The table in the picture was a derelict writing table. A glass top, cut to size, was fitted into the shallow dip, once leather-covered. Under the glass went a sheet of patterned wallpaper. The paper is easily taken out and replaced if you want a change. Any table can be used like this. Small screw-on clips will keep the glass in place at the sides, and it can be cut the full size of the table top. There is no end to the things you can display under the glass—embroidery, family photographs, reproductions of paintings cut from magazines, holiday snapshots—even a piece from an old favourite party dress

A leather look



Plastic-coated Everflex "leather" makes a new wipe-clean chair cover. Remove old cover intact, note how pieces are fixed. Re-pad where needed. Mark on under-cover positions of any seams. Cut new cover using old pieces as patterns. Seam back pieces to match old cover

The inside back goes on first. Tack tops of seams to frame, matching up to marks. Split bottom of seams to fit round legs, and clip lower edge as shown (left). Push lower edge through between seat and back, and tack to back frame, stretching out sideways. Starting at seams, ease top to shape. Pleat the corners finely (centre). Put on seat piece, pushing back edge through back of chair, and tacking to underneath of frame. Fit round legs, folding surplus material under. Ease over front padding, tack under frame. Fix outside back with brass tacks. Replace sacking under seat

Weave a seat

Old dining chairs with worn or damaged seats are cheap. A new seat woven from strips of coloured webbing stretched tightly across the frame is easy to make, and smartens the chair

The chair as it was. Worn seagrass was easily removed

The webbing strips were wound round the seat frame

The finished chair. Webbing ends are secured with tacks

You can squeeze new Acrilan fibre up like this ...

and it always springs back like this

Because nothing springs back like Acrilan

SUITS MADE WITH ACRILAN STAY NEW LONGER

Wear a suit or slacks made with Acrilan hard and long. Send them to the cleaner as often as you like. They will keep their shape for years; the trouser crease will spring back again and again. That's what Acrilan means to men's clothes.

That—and wonderful comfort, for Acrilan is soft and warm, yet light and strong. Easy care—for Acrilan needs little pressing, resists spotting. And Acrilan resists moths.

ACRILAN

And not only clothes. Springy Acrilan makes blankets that stay warmly fluffy. Carpets that won't tread down. Things for all the family that stay new longer.

ACRILAN is the regd. trademark for the acrylic fibre supplied by CHEMSTRAND LTD. CHEMSTRAND makes only the fibre—Britain's finest textile-houses do the rest.

Advertisement

How much should you pay for things made with ACRILAN?

People often ask us this. And there's no cut-and-dried answer. You see, Acrilan is a *fibre* (not a material, or a 'make' of anything). Before it ends up as something you can buy, it has to be made into materials, and these materials have to be made into finished articles — clothes, carpets and blankets.

So of course the price of these things varies. Varies according to whether Acrilan is used alone (and in what weight) or, if it is mixed with other fibres, according to the quantity and quality of these fibres. And varies again with the craftmanship and 'extras' (trimmings, linings, buttons and so on) of the manufacturers who make up these materials.

Not that there's anything new about this. Prices have always varied for things made from traditional materials, too. So our advice is simply to shop as you have always done. Go to a shop you trust. Look for the makers' names you know. And see your money buy more value when you choose things made with Acrilan.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

The care of tools

Well kept tools can last a lifetime says ROGER SMITHELLS

Here is an ideal storage arrangement for tools—a case which forms a portable wall rack and can be closed when out of use

A FRIEND of mine, chief inspector of a large tool factory, was recently handed a jack plane and asked to examine it. He went over it thoroughly, his keen eye searching for faults, then gave his verdict: "There is nothing wrong with this plane. It has obviously had a lot of use, but it seems in perfect working order."

That plane has been in use for fifty years. It belonged to a craftsman of seventy who had bought it when he was twenty years old and had used it every day of his working life since. In fact, he is still working and still using the plane.

There could be no better illustration of the fact that good tools will last you for a lifetime if you look after them.

There are three cardinal rules for looking after tools:

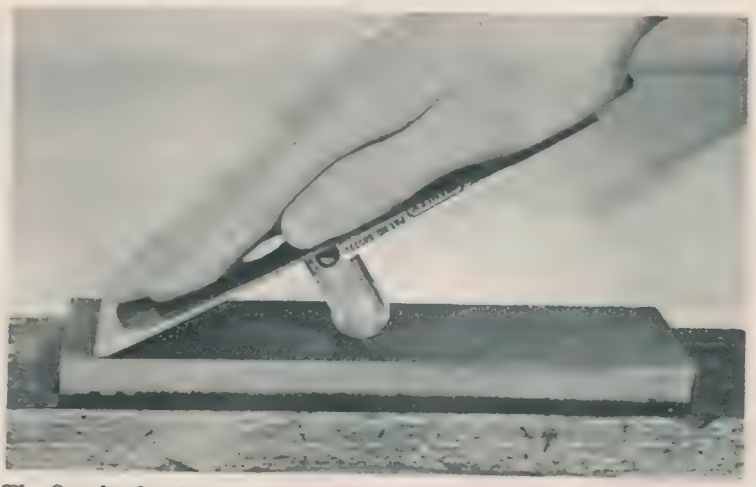
Keep tools clean. Rust is their greatest enemy and dirt encourages corrosion. Wipe your tools whenever you leave your work. Always keep a light film of oil on them.

Keep tools sharp. Sharp tools are easy to use. Blunt tools turn out poor work and can be dangerous. An expert sharpens all his cutting edges frequently, perhaps several times during one job.

Don't knock tools about. Notice the loving care with which a craftsman handles his tools. He lays them on the bench, planes on their sides or over a slat of wood to protect the cutting edge. Follow his example. Never throw your tools down carelessly or use them for purposes for which they were not designed. Put them away carefully. In your workshop have some system in which every tool has its place.

Here are some special points:

See that your plane is sharpened and set properly. As with all tools preservation and efficiency go hand in hand. The plane iron must be kept sharp by honing on an oilstone. This is quite a simple operation but not everyone can get the knack of doing it. If you have difficulty you can buy, for a very few shillings, a simple honing gauge which ensures that you get the correct angle of thirty degress without having to judge it. When you replace the cap or back iron set it about 1/32 in. behind the cutting edge and tighten it up firmly. Unless it is really tight shavings may wedge under it and choke the plane.



The Stanley honing gauge simplifies the job of sharpening plane irons

Saw teeth are easily damaged. If possible a saw, when not in use, should be hung up by the handle. If you are unable to do this, make for each of your saws a simple guard from a strip of wood the same length as the saw blade with a kerf or slot along it. The saw teeth can be inserted in the kerf and the guard held in position with string.

The sides of saws are prone to rust causing them to jam in use. Remove rust by applying paraffin and rubbing carefully with a fine emery cloth. Afterwards maintain a fine film of machine oil.

Don't saw through nails! It's amazing how many people try to. If you meet a nail in old timber stop sawing, turn the wood round and saw from the other side.

Don't use a chisel as a make-shift screwdriver for prising off paint tin lids or for scraping off old paint and don't hit it with a hammer when cutting out joints. The only proper tool for striking chisels is a wooden mallet.

Screwdrivers need just as much attention as edged tools. Always choose a screwdriver that is the same width as the screw slot. If you get one too small you stand a fair chance of breaking off the blade, and if you get one too large you may scar the wood and spoil the work you are doing. The tip of the screwdriver needs regrinding occasionally.

Hammers are dangerous when the heads become loose. This is caused by the shaft shrinking. Guard against this by asking your ironmonger for a hammer with a pre-shrunk handle.

Homemaker

your guide to a lovely smooth-running home

136 PAGES—OVER 220 PICTURES

Don't miss this great issue which in addition to scores of new ideas on home improvement, offers you a useful six-in-one-tool at a special privilege price.

Contents include: **Furnishing and Improving the Home:** how to put up partitions to provide an extra room; how to fit a doorbell or chimes; how to choose a gas or an electric cooker? **Decorating the Home:** home colour schemes and advice on the smart plain and patterned look; also details on using wallpaper adhesives and on graining wood surfaces. **Things to Make for the Home:** how to make a novel table, and metal plant pot-holders; how sliding doors can be fitted. **First Aid for a Leak:** know your plumbing system and its layout. **The Advantages of Fluorescent Lighting:** how you can add interest and light to your home with more dramatic effects.

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How to Plan your bathroom to make the most of space and materials. **How to Choose** a new bath or basin. **How to Make** a wash-basin fitment, wall-mounted cabinet and shelves. **How to Furnish** your bathroom. **How to Protect** the walls, and obtain an attractive easy-to-clean bathroom.

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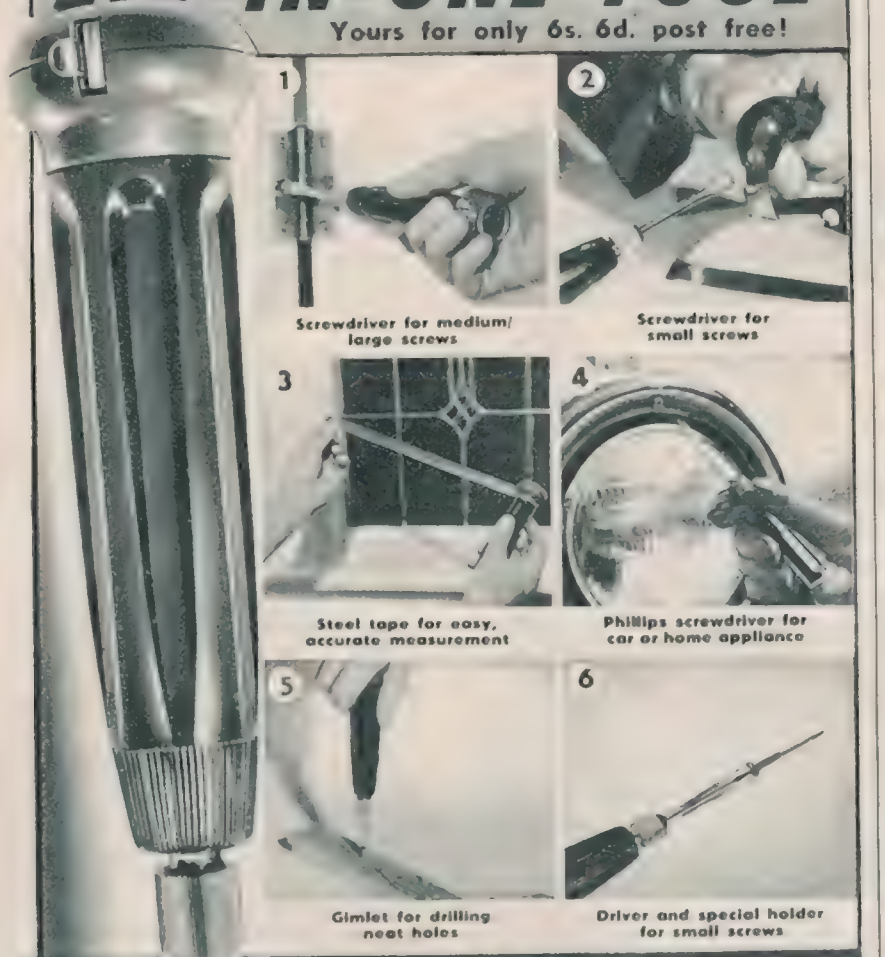

Homemaker

CUTS THE COST OF MODERN HOMEMAKING

GET YOUR COPY NOW

The scandal of the

Can you tell a PHONEY?

by HUGH DUNCAN

HOME from India after years of living abroad, accountant Percival Dracup was ready to retire.

At sixty-eight he was not rich, but he had a bit put by—including a nest-egg of £1,000 in the Southern Counties Building Society that would help to buy him a semi-detached house.

Dracup wrote several times to the building society and asked to be paid out. But he got a nasty shock. The society was insolvent.

At the bankruptcy proceedings, Dracup and his wife heard the Official Receiver say that investors could expect to get back only a shilling or so in the pound.

For the Dracups, and many like them, it was goodbye to hard-earned savings, to the comfortable feeling of having something behind them.

The Southern Counties is not the only building society to have got into difficulties in recent years. Far from it. There has been trouble in the Westminster, the Blackpool, the Scottish Amicable and others.

Last September came the sensational revelations about the £10 million State Building Society. And Ted Leather, M.P., forecast a scandal brewing in at least one other society.

At the end of 1958 four million people had nearly £2,500 million invested in Britain's 744 building societies, with more money flowing in all the time.

Most building societies are well managed and in no danger of losing investors' money. They lend most of their money to owner-occupiers buying their houses, and if the house has been properly valued the money is well secured.

But recently some societies have lent on more risky and speculative ventures.

These are the "commercial" building societies which offer investors interest rates well above the normal tax-free three and a quarter to three and a half per cent.

House loans only

To pay investors more, these societies lend their money where it will earn more interest than house-buyers can afford to pay. So they lend a lot of their funds to estate developers, big landlords and property companies which buy and sell land, houses, flats, hotels and office blocks.

At present this is legal—and highly profitable. But this is not what building societies are for. Their sole function, a government spokesman told Parliament a year ago, is to lend money for house purchase.

Now, in response to mounting criticism of "commercial" societies, the

unscrupulous building societies . . .

Millions put their faith and savings in 'bricks and mortar.' But is their money really safe?

Mrs. Betty Fisher, one of the shareholders in the £10 million State Building Society whose affairs were recently investigated

government has promised a Bill to tighten up the law. It is expected to make it illegal for a society to lend more than a small percentage of its funds to anyone but owner-occupiers or to lend any funds to people or companies connected with the society's directors.

Outward respectability should not be regarded as a guarantee of soundness. No society could have been more respectable than the Scottish Amicable, founded in 1892. Its president was a well-respected peer, its vice-president a former Secretary of State for Scotland, its chairman and managing director a magistrate. It was a member of the Building Societies Association. Three of its four leading officers were Fellows of the Building Societies Institute.

To the ordinary investor this was an impressive guarantee. But the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies was more impressed by some odd features of the accounts.

After two years of inquiries and an investigation under the Prevention of Frauds Act, the registrar found that the society was not in a position to meet any large demand for withdrawals without serious loss.

Saved from crash

The accounts for 1958, he said, were inaccurate and misleading.

Only a last-minute rescue by the Co-operative Permanent averted a crash.

This could not happen to one of its members today, says the Building Societies Association. Its rules relating to reserves have been tightened up. For years registry officials have seen danger in societies offering exceptionally high interest to investors. To pay shareholders five per cent, as some societies have done, they have to lend at eight or more, and nobody is going to pay interest at that rate unless there is an element of risk.

The new law should drive the speculator out of the building societies. But the danger that cannot be eliminated by law is the dishonest officer.

One secretary forged shareholders' names on withdrawal notices to obtain cheques from the society, then forged endorsements on the cheques. He was caught, but not before he had put a small society into difficulties. A trusted officer of a society can sometimes get away with huge sums before the registrar—or, more often, death—exposes him.

The best defence against the swindler is size.

If assets run into hundreds of millions it is almost impossible for one man to get away with enough to endanger the society.

But you may wish to support a small society in your own neighbourhood. Many of these are as sound as the giants, with the additional security that the secretary perhaps belongs to your local bowls club, where you can keep an eye on him.

Don't chance it

Societies with assets of less than £500,000 cannot apply for trustee status.

But they can be members of the Building Societies Association, which applies trustee rules to its members in all matters except size.

If you want to invest in a society which is not a member of the Association, has not got trustee status, but *has* expanded rapidly in recent years by outbidding the others in interest rates—well, it's your money, and you may do very nicely out of it.

But don't say later that you weren't warned.

END

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

SINCE my wife died last year, my son and daughter-in-law have lived with me. I wondered whether it was possible for me to claim £60 housekeeper's allowance on my income tax form. If it is and I did claim the allowance, would it affect my son's tax?—W. H., Cardiff.

● You may not claim the housekeeper allowance, as this cannot be given where the person acting as a housekeeper is a married woman whose husband is obtaining the married man's personal allowance.

TOO TALL TREE

IN my garden is a tree which has now grown much too tall and blocks our view. How can I kill it quickly and easily?—Mrs. G. P., Surrey.

● Probably the best thing would be to cut away the side branches nearly, but not quite, back to the trunk up to a height of about twelve feet, and then to cut off the top at this point. After this treatment it is highly improbable that the tree will grow again. You will be able to use the stump as a support for a clematis or a climbing rose. To kill the tree as it stands would not make it easier to remove later.

SQUATTER'S RIGHTS

COULD you please let me know the legal position about Squatter's Rights and tell me how a claim should be made?—T. J., Berkshire.

● If you occupy land without permission and remain in unchallenged possession for twelve years, the owner's title is extinguished unless he was under any disability when his right of action began, or there was fraudulent concealment or mistake. It is rare for a squatter to acquire a title except where there is encroachment on neighbouring land. If the land belongs to the Crown the period is thirty years.

FOOTPATH TRAP

MY wife fell into a hole in the pavement and broke her leg. The hole had apparently been dug to take a tree, but had become full of water and she did not notice it. As a result of her injury she has been put to great inconvenience and I have been put to the expense of domestic help. Have I a claim in law?—A. H., Monmouthshire.

● If the hole in the pavement could not reasonably be seen it could be regarded as a trap, and unless it was caused by ordinary wear and tear on the road or pavement the local council appears to be liable. If the facts are precisely as you state it appears advisable to press your claim for damages.

WHOSE HEDGE?

A HEDGE separates my garden from that of the house next door. The question of who owns it, and who should trim it, has arisen. What is the position?—A. F. M., Middlesex.

● If the hedge is planted exactly on the boundary between the two properties it is a party hedge belonging equally to both houses. If, however, it is not, it belongs wholly to the party which owns the land into which it is planted. In any case, neither party has any legal obligation to cut it.

CLOSED FIELDS

A LOCAL farmer has barred mothers and their children from his fields. He allows the children to play on some of his waste ground, but on being asked whether we could walk in the fields he refused consent. Can he do so?—Mrs. A. G., Liverpool.

● Unless there is any public footpath across or around the farmer's fields, you would be trespassing if you entered them without consent. In such case, the owner could remove you by all reasonable means, and if any damage was done by the trespass, you could be held liable for it.

HIGH FENCE

MY husband and I have just bought a new house and we would like to put up a fence between our house and our neighbour's. Ideally we would like the fence to be six feet high. Is there any reason why it shouldn't be?—Mrs. E. W., Derby.

● It is improbable that there is anything in the council's building regulations preventing you from erecting a six-foot fence between the properties, but you might have a word with their surveyor to verify this. The fence should, of course, stand wholly on your land.

WHAT'S TAXABLE

IS the interest on Defence Bonds taxable? Granted that one received £15 interest from Savings Certificates, would the interest received from a Post Office deposit account be taxable on the first £1, or would it have to amount to more than £15 before being taxable?—J. E., Carmarthen.

● Defence Bonds interest is taxable, but National Savings Certificates have to be ignored for all tax purposes. The first £15 of Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank interest is tax free, irrespective of other sources of income.

WRONG AGE

CAN you please tell me if there is any way of altering an incorrect age on a marriage certificate?—H. W., Herts.

● The fact that a woman has given an incorrect age at her marriage registration has no legal significance, but the error cannot now be rectified. If she requires proof of her age she should produce her birth certificate or obtain a copy of it.

IS IT MINE?

WHEN my mother and I bought a house a few years ago both our names went into the deeds, and the arrangement was that if one of us died the other would take possession. Now my mother has died. Is it necessary to go to the expense of a conveyance before I become the sole legal owner?—B. K., Somerset.

● If the conveyance deed states that the house is held jointly it has now automatically passed to you as survivor. The deeds do not require alteration, but your mother's death certificate should be placed with them to show your title.

MUST I PAY?

THERE is a manhole cover to a drainage system situated between two houses in a driveway that leads to the rear of a large number of houses. Motor traffic has caused damage to the brickwork supporting the iron cover, causing an open space through which an offensive smell comes. Who is responsible for repairs?—W. M., Kent.

● The owner of the driveway appears to be primarily liable for the repair of the drain, and if it is owned in common by the owners of the six houses it serves, each would probably be liable for a share of the cost.

WANDERING HENS

SEVERAL householders hereabouts, myself included, are troubled by hens which belong to somebody living nearby and which are constantly in our gardens. Can he be compelled to fence his land?—Mrs. E. S., Cheshire.

● The owner of the hens cannot be compelled to fence his land, but he may be held liable for any damage they may do to your garden. Also, if you find them on your land you are entitled to impound them, and hold them until the owner has paid you for any damage they have done, and for their keep whilst impounded.

WHO'LL TELL ME?

DURING a week's holiday in France I wish to travel from Le Mans to Rheims. Where can I find out what holiday accommodation is available and other details?—L. T., London.

● Get in touch with the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1, explaining the type of accommodation you seek and outlining your route. They will provide a great deal of helpful information.

COOKER BILL

I LIVE in a furnished flat. Recently the electric cooker, which is the property of the landlady, developed a mechanical defect which had to be put right. My landlady tells me that I am responsible for the cost of this repair. Am I?—M. A., Wolverhampton.

● Unless your tenancy agreement provides for your landlord to maintain the fittings of the furnished flat she has no obligation to do so.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Easy-fix wood veneers:** A wood veneer which can be applied as easily as wallpaper can be used as a wall decoration, to cover lampshades, wastepaper baskets, doors, old furniture and fitments. This Aga veneer can be cut with scissors and fixed with its own Agastik adhesive. It is made in matt, polished or natural quality, in widths of 19½ in. and 27½ in. (and 35½ in. in the natural quality). There are twelve colours.

The prices are: polished 19½ in. at 7s. 9d.; 27½ in. at 10s. 11d.; matt 27½ in. at 8s. 3d.; natural 35½ in. at 10s. 11d. all per yard run. Agafix the self-adhesive veneer is 19½ in. wide and costs 15s. 3d. per yard. A half-pint tin of Agastik costs 4s. 6d. By Aga Veneers, Ltd., 62 Carter Lane, London, E.C.4.

▶ **Beer stains:** If you spill beer on a cotton tablecloth, dab the stain with a clean rag dipped in a 20 per cent solution of acetic acid (1 part of acid to 4 parts of water). Once you have removed the stain, wash out in the usual way, using a solution of detergent. Acetic acid can be bought from any chemist.

▶ **Rustless bath:** A plastic bath which is rustless, hygienic and warm to touch can also add colour to your bathroom; and the colour cannot fade or chip. A wooden or metal cradle on adjustable feet allows a 4-in. variation in height of fixing. The bath is drilled for taps if requested, and can be supplied with metal handles, waste overflow, chain and plug, and acrylic panels as an extra. A 5 ft. 6 in. bath excluding fitting but complete with supporting cradle, and drilled ready for waste and flow, costs £27 15s. in white, yellow, pink and green, other colours cost extra. A matching wash-basin costs £5 16s. 9d. By Thermo Plastics, Ltd., Luton Road Works, Dunstable, Beds.

▶ **Lilac time:** Lilac is the favoured interior decorating colour for 1960. Accordingly Fablon have produced three of their best-selling designs in self-sticking plastic covering in lilac. The designs are gingham, fleck and sea-pearl. Use it to cover shelves, walls, etc. In 18-in. widths, 3s. 9d. per yard.

ARE YOU BROADMINDED?

Your answers to the questions on page 14 should be scored as follows:

1. (a) 5. (b) 0. (c) 10.
2. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10.
3. (a) 10. (b) 5. (c) 0.
4. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 0.
5. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 10. (d) 0.
6. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0.
7. (a) 10. (b) 5. (c) 0.
8. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 0.
9. (a) 0. (b) 10.
10. (a) 0. (b) 5. (c) 5. (d) 0. (e) 10.

Very few of us are completely free from prejudices, which are part of our national and class heritage. At the best we are broadminded in theory and fail in practice. It's certainly possible in a civilized environment to be too broadminded—the person has no real convictions on anything as to its moral quality or defect. A score of 90-100 suggests no thoughts about a design for living, with no interest or hopes about anything worth while. 70-85 is a high average with a freedom from bigotry but a definite code for behaviour. 65 or fewer: unreasonable prejudices are giving too narrow a view of life as lived by others.

SENSATIONAL OFFER to "JOHN BULL" READERS

ANY MODEL DELIVERED TO *YOU* FOR *ONLY* 5/- CARRIAGE

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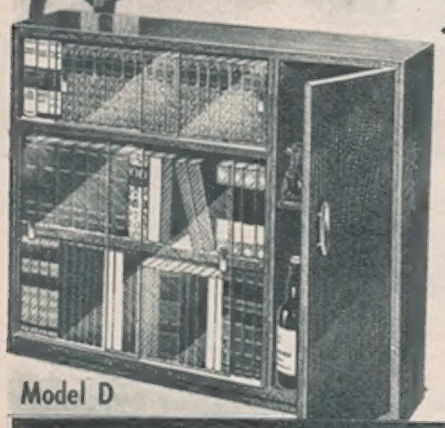
SOLID OAK BOOKCASES AND BUREAUX

Model AGC

Model RC



Model D

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SEND only 5/- (carriage) now for one of Britain's biggest value bookcases to be delivered direct to **your** home AND also secure, **absolutely FREE,** a beautiful table lamp and shade. Every model **guaranteed** by **Odhams** to give **lifetime service!** The beautiful FREE table lamp has a buttercup yellow glazed pottery base, with a handsome shade. Send your order now with only 5/- (carriage).

Many thousands of satisfied customers prove that these superb bookcases are all that we claim.

EVERY MODEL is built of kiln-dried, **solid oak** with inset laminated back; all joints pinned and cement glued. Stained and wax polished in light, medium or dark oak; two heavy glass (32 oz.) slides to each shelf, rounded edges, ground-in finger pulls.

ALL MODELS IN LIGHT, MEDIUM OR DARK OAK

AGC Flush Top Model

This attractive modern flush-top bookcase, with legs in the popular modern style, is just the bookcase to harmonize with up-to-date furnishing schemes. It has three capacious dustproof glass-fronted shelves and combines beauty with functional design. Solid Oak with inset laminated back. Separate pair of free-running glass slides to each shelf. A bookcase that will add to any room that air of distinction friends are quick to admire.

Dimensions: 39¾ *in. high;* 36 *in. wide;* 8¾ *in. deep. Shelf heights:* 8¾ *in.,* 9¼ *in.,* 10½ *in. Height of legs* 8 *in.*

Cash price £11.19.0, or 12 monthly payments of 20/- and one final payment of 11/-. Credit price £12.11.0.

RC For Books & Records

Combined bookcase and Record cabinet in contemporary style. Record compartment is fronted with **modern reeded glass,** and houses over **200** records; divided into **6** sections by removable partitions. Bookshelf has two slides of crystal-clear glass.

Dimensions: 34¼ *in. high;* 36 *in. wide; record compartment depth behind slides,* 13¾ *in.*

Cash price £15.0.0, or 15 monthly payments of 20/- and one final payment of 15/-. Total credit price £15.15.0.

D Bookcase with Cocktail Cabinet

Here is a new-style multi-purpose bookcase unit which is particularly suited to the small modern home where space is at a premium. Designed to hold approximately sixty books in three wide shelves, it also provides ample storage space with a roomy compartment at one end that can be used as a cocktail or china cabinet or for the hundred and one small articles that are inevitably left lying about the house. The centre bookshelf is adjustable; the clear glass slides run freely and have neat, ground-in finger pulls.

Dimensions: 33½ *in. high;* 42 *in. wide;* 10½ *in. deep. Cupboard width:* 11½ *in. Top section height* 13½ *in.; lower section height* 16½ *in.*

Cash price: £17.17.0, or 18 monthly payments of 20/- and one final payment of 15/-. Credit price £18.15.0.

Also other models in SOLID WALNUT, MAHOGANY or OAK

HBXL The New De Luxe Bureau Bookcase

This superb, lavishly equipped DE LUXE slope-fronted bureau bookcase is specially designed to meet the most exacting demands of the connoisseur for whom only the best is good enough. Combines the clean, graceful lines typical of the best in contemporary design with the solid durability of the finest traditional craftsman-built models.

LUXURY FITTINGS AND FINISH

Same clean basic design as model HBS/P but six inches wider and two inches deeper. Extra large capacity accommodates one third *more* stationery, books, etc. Below the bureau section, with its seven compartments and two useful drawers, are shelves to hold over 60 volumes, including your largest books. Glass and oak-faced slides protect from dust and dirt. Both types move easily under finger-tip pressure. The oak slides have neat brass finger-pulls in the modern style. The writing flap, enhanced by smooth chamfered edges and dropping flush with bottom of secretaire unit, has a **real leather** inset panel, tooled in gold. Fittings are of **solid** brass, including the continuous piano hinge.

Dimensions: 39 *in. high;* 36 *in. wide;* 12 *in. deep (tapered to* 8¾ *in. at top). Shelf heights* 11⅜ *in. Shelf depth (inside slides)* 10½ *in.*

Cash price £23.1.0, or 23 monthly payments of 20/- and one payment of 24/-. Credit price £24.4.0.

HBS/P Bureau

This beautiful slope-front bureau bookcase gives maximum space for safely keeping household and business papers. The bureau unit consists of a large-size lockable writing desk, six handy-size compartments and two drawers. The bookcase section has two large shelves, the upper shelf with free-running clear glass slides, the lower shelf with oak-faced slides with polished brass finger-pulls. Craftsman-built throughout; competitively priced!

Dimensions: 39 *in. high;* 30 *in. wide;* 10 *in. deep (tapered to* 7 *in. at top).*

Cash price £16.5.0, or 16 monthly payments of 20/- and one payment of 21/-. Credit price £17.1.0.

Model HBS Exactly as above, except lower shelf has **glass** slides. Cash price is **17/-** less than HBS/P.

SEND ONLY 5/- WITH THIS FORM

To: Bookcase Division, J.Z.18, Odhams Press Ltd., 8 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please send me the selection indicated. I enclose 5/- for carriage, insurance, etc. I promise to send the cash price, OR the first payment within 8 days of delivery and to complete the purchase price by the regular monthly payments detailed in the advertisement.

IMPORTANT Insert No. of model(s) required against shade of oak selected.

MODELS	AGC	HBXL	HBS/P	HBS	RC	D
LIGHT OAK						
MED. OAK						
DARK OAK						

Put tick where applicable:

Cash ☐ Terms ☐ Householder ☐ Tenant in house or flat ☐ Temporary resident ☐

SIGNATURE..... Age, if under 21.....
(or that of Parent or Guardian if under 21)

IMPORTANT. Make P.O. or Cheque payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. Coin to be registered; loose stamps NOT accepted. This offer applies only in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

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Tick here for details of "Solida" range ☐

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